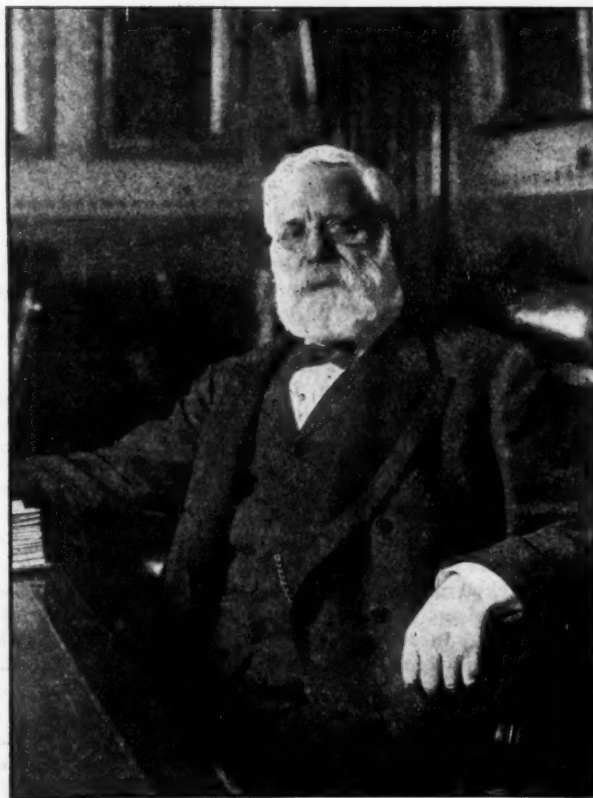


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1906



JAMES N. ADAM
Mayor of Buffalo

The Field Secretary's Corner

SUNDAY, June 10, was spent in Pittsfield. I had completed arrangements to spend the day with the churches at North and East Vassalboro, but on arrival there Saturday afternoon, I found that one of the prominent citizens of the town had died, and it was intended to have the funeral services in the church in the morning, in place of the regular service; and owing to the fact that the Children's Day concert was to be held in the evening, I would have no chance to properly present our interests at North Vassalboro, though I would have the afternoon appointment at East Vassalboro. Under the circumstances, it seemed best to postpone my visit to a later date, when conditions would be more favorable. Accordingly, I called up Rev. B. W. Russell, of Pittsfield, who had invited me to come to his church at the first favorable opportunity, and stated the case to him. Although he had no previous notice, with the utmost cordiality he said at once: "Come on! Glad to have you." So an hour later found me speeding to Waterville, a drive of five miles, where I waited three hours, and then caught the midnight train to Pittsfield, arriving there about two o'clock Sunday morning. Mr. Russell was waiting for me at the depot, and at 2.30 I tumbled into bed. Sunday morning dawned "bright and fair," and I had a good congregation, with a generous response. In the afternoon, after a hasty lunch and a drive of five miles, I preached at Palmyra, an outside appointment connected with Pittsfield, reaching home just in season to escape a terrific downpour, which burst just as we entered the house.

Pittsfield is a lovely village of some four thousand inhabitants, on the banks of the Sebasticook River. Its beautiful shaded streets, well kept lawns, and elegant homes make it an attractive spot. The library is one of the neatest and best in its appointments I have yet seen. Its furnishings are modest and yet elegant, and its equipment is complete for a small town library. A fine soldiers' monument occupies a central position facing the street in the midst of the grounds. Pittsfield was formerly known as Plymouth Gore, and was a part of the original Kennebec Purchase. The first settler was Moses Martin, who came here from Norridgewock in 1794 and took up his residence at the bend of the Sebasticook River, about two miles below the village. George Brown from Norridgewock came in 1800, and William Bradford and Mr. Wyman from Vassalboro about the same time. The town was organized as the plantation of Sebasticook in 1815. In 1819 it was incorporated as the town of Warsaw, and the first town meeting was held in the house of Mr. John Webb. In 1824 the name was changed to Pittsfield, in honor of Mr. William Pitts, of Boston, a large land owner at that time. Pittsfield has splendid educational facilities, being the home of the Maine Central Institute of the Free Baptist denomination, well known throughout the State.

Methodism in Pittsfield had its beginning some time previous to the year 1866, it being at that time a part of the Clinton Circuit, with Rev. Henry P. Blood as pastor. In the year 1866 Rev. G. G. Winslow was appointed to this circuit, and continued the services begun in what was known as the Snakeroot schoolhouse, which was in a sparsely settled neighborhood. The numbers attending these services were small, but among them were Mr. and Mrs. Carr, who, when Mr. Winslow stated that he could spend his time to much better advantage elsewhere, protested, and se-

cured the use of the village schoolhouse, where on his next appointment Mr. Winslow held a service. The house was crowded, and from this time services were continued once in two weeks for several months in the schoolhouse, when Mr. Lancey, owner of the hotel, generously offered the use of his hall for religious meetings. Later on Mr. Winslow was offered the use of the church in the village, which was owned by the Free Baptists and Universalists. The latter denomination was not active at this time, and the Methodists occupied the time usually taken by them. Mr. Winslow at once began a series of meetings, assisted by Rev. L. D. Wardwell, presiding elder of Bangor District, in which church members were quickened and several persons converted. A class was immediately organized, consisting of eighteen or twenty members, of which Darius Whitten was appointed leader. Soon after this, it was thought advisable to erect a Methodist chapel, and the enterprise was heartily encouraged by Mr. Hathorn, a prominent business man of the village, who voluntarily offered \$100 to start with. Mr. Lancey and his brother in Augusta pledged \$100 each, and very soon nearly \$1,000 were assured. Two lots were secured from Dr. Manson, one as a gift and the other at a very low price, and at the last quarterly conference for the year of 1868 Rev. Mr. Winslow stated that if the Missionary Society would give Pittsfield \$100, and make it an appointment, he would accept it, trust the people for his salary, and build the chapel. Owing to Mr. Winslow's return to Clinton for another year, this plan was never carried out. During the pastorate of Rev. James M. Hutchinson, in 1869, the Pittsfield Methodist Church was organized with seven members. At this time the meetings were held in the homes of the people, but during the pastorate of Rev. Theodore Gerrish in 1876 a chapel was erected on the site of the present church on Manson Street. For some time the society led a somewhat precarious existence, but as years rolled on the numbers increased, the influence broadened, and in 1893, under the efficient leadership of Rev. George H. Hamilton, marked changes for the better began to take place. The membership and interest steadily increased, and in May, 1895, funds were pledged and work begun on the present Methodist church. This edifice was completed at a cost of \$2,600, and was dedicated Jan. 16, 1896. At the close of the dedicatory sermon Mr. Hamilton announced that an indebtedness of \$1,150 rested upon the church, upon which Rev. E. H. Boynton took the platform and proclaimed that the church would not be dedicated until every dollar of indebtedness was pledged. Within sixty minutes this was accomplished, and with gratitude and astonishment a happy people united in singing the doxology. Mr. Hamilton, after many changes, again became pastor, serving only a few months, however, before failing health compelled him to relinquish the charge, which was then supplied until Conference, when the present pastor, Rev. Bion W. Russell, was appointed. Mr. Russell has already won the hearts of his people, and is proving the right man for the place.

In addition to his regular work here, Mr. Russell has charge of our interests at Palmyra, distant five miles. Palmyra is a pretty little farming community, once the centre of considerable business. Situated on the main road from Skowhegan to Ban-

gor, it had two four-horse stages and four hotels. The township was originally purchased by a Mr. Barnard, of New Hampshire, for 12½ cents an acre. The first settler was Daniel Gale, a Methodist, who came with his family in 1800. Others who came were the Robinsons and Johnnetts, whose descendants still reside here. The grandfather of Mr. Johnnett, who still lives there, used to carry his corn to Skowhegan on horseback, to be ground. His great-grandson, as I understand it, is Rev. C. H. Johnnett of the East Maine Conference, whom I had the pleasure of meeting last summer at Newcastle. The first Methodist services in the town were held in the home of Mr. Gale, who was the earliest class-leader, continuing as such for many years. Mr. Jeremiah Robinson, who succeeded him, is the oldest man in the town, and resides with his son. I called, but he was too feeble to see me. In 1836 Jesse Hariman preached here. A sweeping revival occurred, and, as a result, in 1838 a church was erected, which has served ever since. It was built as a union church, with 52 pews, and every pew owner had a right to choose the preaching for one Sunday each year. It is now occupied by the Methodists and Baptists alternately.

Hartland is a busy little manufacturing town, distant some eight miles from Pittsfield. Here we have a small society, with Rev. Wm. C. Biker, pastor. I spent the day, Tuesday, June 12, with him, preaching to a small company in the evening, and securing a good list of subscribers during the canvass. Hartland is situated on the Sebasticook River, about one and a half miles from the foot of Moose Pond, its source, a body of irregular width some nine miles long.

The first settler in town was James Fuller, who came here from Exeter, N. H., and located at Fuller's Corner about three miles from the present village. Wm. Moore and his wife came soon after, from Goffstown, N. H., locating first at Skowhegan in 1802, but soon going to Hartland. Their route was through the woods by spotted trail, with their two years-old child on a hand-sled. He built the first log house. He soon after built and operated grist and saw mills on the spot where the Linn Woolen Mill now stands. The woolen mill was built in 1874 by A. Linn, a Scotch immigrant, and is now a thriving industry employing some 300 hands, manufacturing shawls and cashmeres under the name of the Linn Woolen Company, the descendants of the founder. We do not know who were the first preachers in town, but one Samuel Baker, a local preacher, who settled on the shore of Moose Pond in Harmony in the year 1802, preached throughout the surrounding territory. In 1818 an extensive revival swept through this section, and it is probable that the old circuit of Hartland, Harmony and St. Albans was formed about that time. The present Methodist Episcopal Church at St. Albans was not organized until about 1871, when meetings were held in the Academy, and later in Central and Littlefield's halls. The first pastor appointed to the charge was Rev. James H. Moore. Through the earnest efforts of Mr. and Mrs. A. Linn and Mr. A. H. Buck (with whom I had a pleasant call), the present church edifice was erected in 1883, and was dedicated March 26, 1884, as the Grace Linn Memorial Church, in memory (I think) of a beloved daughter. The parsonage was built during the pastorate of Rev. I. H. Lidstone. For some years St. Albans has been connected with this charge, but this year the two were separated, leaving Mr. Baker with the one charge, Hartland. He has a strong hold upon the community.

F. H. MORGAN.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

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Seven-Foot Telescope for Star-gazing

THE novel proposition has been advanced by Prof. E. C. Pickering, of Harvard University, that a new observatory shall be constructed — preferably in the vicinity of Bloemfontein, South Africa, where almost ideal conditions as to absence of clouds are obtainable — which shall be equipped with a telescope whose diameter will be seven feet, or more than twice the diameter of the famous Lick telescope. Partly for the sake of economy, and partly because of the particular class of service to which the instrument would be almost exclusively devoted, Professor Pickering would have a reflector, not a refractor. The new observatory would be expected to engage in systematic photography of the heavens, copies of any of its plates being furnished to astronomers elsewhere who might need them in the prosecution of their own inquiries. For certain classes of astronomical study it is desirable to supplement observations in the Northern hemisphere with work in the Southern, and hence several Northern institutions have established temporary or permanent annexes south of the equator in the interest of thoroughness of research. It is for expert star-gazers themselves to determine of how much value such an international observatory would be.

Railway Motor Cars

THE many prophecies that have been made that the locomotive will be displaced as a motor have not as yet been fulfilled, and the steam-engine will be likely to be a familiar sight on the railroads of the country for some time to come. The self-propelled railway car, however, may serve very usefully in cases where it does not pay to run a train because of the lightness of the traffic. So far as mechanical construction goes, such cars have been successfully built and operated. They have the disadvantage, however, of being dependent on petroleum distillate, the supply of which may run short, whereas wood and coal can be found almost everywhere. The internal combustion motor is, it is claimed, more simple and economical than the steam-

engine, and in a few years it may be found practical to feed such engines on denaturized spirits rather than on gasoline. If it is demonstrated by experiments now in progress that it is unnecessary to add electrical machinery to the prime movers under such coaches, it is likely that alcohol engines will soon come into universal favor for that particular class of work.

Manufacture of "Soft Drinks"

THE demand for "soft drinks" and for so-called summer thirst cures has increased rapidly of late in America, and this class of beverages is now supplied by a carefully-arranged system both of making the liquids and of cleaning and filling the bottles. Carbonated drinks are a mixture of carbonic acid gas and water, flavored with fruit juices, and sweetened with granulated sugar. The coloring is generally obtained by using caramel, or burnt sugar. Pure water, or in many cases mineral water, is pumped direct from the springs to the "soft drinks" factory and into the carbolator at a temperature of forty-two degrees. In the carbonator gas brought from a gasometer is mixed with water, and the mixture is then driven into a copper cylinder at a pressure of sixty pounds, where the water is so agitated that it is broken up into small particles. Corking the bottles is accomplished in various ways, by corks, metal caps, or glass balls, but whatever the system adopted the work is accomplished rapidly by machines. Old bottles are scrubbed with brushes rotating 2,800 times a minute, and then are cleansed with jets of water.

Military Aeronautics

SUBMARINE navigation has found in some respects its counterpart in military aeronautics. The submarine boat is at present a much more advanced engine of warfare than the balloon, but finality in regard to these expedients and appliances has not yet been obtained. In the British Army very large sums have of late years been expended both on experiments with navigable balloons and on the provision, equipment and maintenance of a considerable aerostatic fleet for the purposes of the field army. The army balloon factory at Aldershot is conducted under the superintendence of a well-known inventor, and at present three important novelties are being experimented with, including a new navigable balloon that is "built up" of gold-beater's skin, placed layer upon layer until great strength and thickness have been attained, which is 132 feet in length and has a diameter of about 25 feet. Made in this way, balloons are almost invulnerable to rifle fire, and difficult to

tear or rip extensively. Suspended below this balloon, so as to give it a good, clear swing, is a basketwork car fashioned like a whaleboat. Within this are sets of motors capable of driving the balloon in a calm air at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Other novelties successfully constructed and operated are a man lifting kite, from which an engineer officer may sketch the entire manoeuvres of an army division, and a weird machine called a "glider," which, when released at certain altitudes, the person operating it can project in a required direction, and eventually make a graceful and easy descent to the earth.

Increase of the Automobile Trade

DURING the year ending June 30, 1906, more than \$4,000,000 worth of automobiles have been imported into the United States, and over \$3,000,000 worth exported. The manufacture of automobiles in this country in the same period has amounted to over \$26,000,000 in value. Of the \$3,000,000 worth of automobiles exported in the fiscal year just ended, about one half have gone to Europe, and most of the remainder to Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, and Australia. The industrial effect in the United States of the increased use of automobiles is indicated in some degree by the figures of the census, which show that the number of wage-earners in the "auto" manufacturing establishments of the country increased from 2,242 in 1900 to 10,239 in 1905; that the wages paid increased from \$1,320,658 to \$6,178,900; and that the materials used, which largely represent labor, increased from \$1,804,287 to \$11,658,138. Reports from U. S. consuls have shown the practical application of automatically propelled vehicles in many of the comparatively undeveloped countries, especially in the tropics, all of them sections in which animal power for transportation is extremely scarce, and development delayed by reason of that scarcity. About twenty per cent. of the automobiles exported from the United States in the year just closed went to Mexico and the West Indies, while only about seven per cent. of the other exports went to those countries.

Deadly Effects of Absinthe

RECENT laboratory experiments in Paris have shown that alcohol is universal in its effects, and that animals as well as men show true symptoms of poisoning when inoculated with any of the liquors sold over bars and in cafés. A similar line of experiment has recently been pursued with absinthe as the medium of demonstration. A French doctor injected refined absinthe into the gastric channels of dogs, and it was found that in every case the result was halluci-

nations, terrible epileptic spasms, stupor, and finally coma. In all of the cases the doses ranged from one-tenth to one-third cubic centimetres of absinthe per kilogram of animal. The experiments made also proved that when the injections were continued on the same animal, there was a diminution of the organic resistance and an increase of the spasms. These recorded effects are in perfect harmony with the clinical studies which for a long time have shown the epileptic effects of absinthe. Experiments conducted by two other French investigators have proved that convulsions, arrest of development, and high mortality are effects always observed in the cases of dogs treated with absinthe, and the same is true for dogs poisoned with alcohol. It is being realized in Europe that some general propaganda must be inaugurated for the suppression of absinthe drinking.

Military Propaganda in Russia

UPON the question of the loyalty of the army now turns the fate of Russia. Hitherto the military forces, and more especially the Guards regiments, have been the chief support of the monarchy. But now signs of disaffection have been noted even in the ultra loyal Preobrazhensky regiment, which is almost as alarming a piece of news as if it were announced that the Coldstream Guards had signified their sympathy with a movement to establish a republic in Great Britain. The Preobrazhensky regiment is an elite corps, one of the oldest in the Russian service, and hitherto has been conspicuously devoted to the autocratic idea. The Cossacks, too, are becoming restive. The Line regiments have more than once shown signs of disaffection, while the scientific branches of the service have furnished many recruits to agitation. The radicals feel encouraged to hope that the army will soon be won over to their way of thinking. This is premature, but there can be no doubt that the military propaganda is making headway, and, indeed, in the Douma itself speeches have been made which openly gloried in the revolutionary program for undermining the loyalty of the troops. Agrarian disorders have led to conflicts with the troops, and the strike in St. Petersburg is spreading in various unexpected directions. The Government is taking steps to prevent further anti-Semitic excesses.

British Educational Outlook

THE British educational outlook is clearing, as may be judged by the fact that the Liberal Ministry has carried Clause 4, the most bitterly contested clause of the Educational Bill, by a majority of 277, thus passing safely the most critical stage in its dealing with this thorny legislative problem. This clause provides that special religious instruction may be given in any transferred voluntary school on requisition by four fifths of the parents of the children attending these schools. An amendment proposed by Augustine Birrell was adopted, providing that parents shall vote on that question. By concessions on earlier clauses of the bill, the Ministry had lessened the opposition of Anglicans and Roman Cath-

olics, while by a later section of the measure they have run counter to the views of the Clifford wing of radical Non-conformists. But Mr. Birrell has been dealing with somewhat illogical people all around the circle, and it must be a satisfaction to him to feel that, since a majority of the English laity still insists upon a measure of direct doctrinal teaching in the schools, he has been enabled to carry through the Commons a bill which will satisfy moderate men in all sections of an unhappily divided Christian church. The act goes to the House of Lords with a measure of popular support which should make that conservative body hesitate long before it rejects or even seriously amends it.

Prosperity of the United States

THE English look with envious eyes upon the prosperity of this country, as is instanced by a report on the trade of the United States for 1905, which has been prepared by British Commercial Agent Bell for presentation to the British Foreign Office. Foreign commerce during 1905 exceeded that of any previous year, the imports amounting to \$1,179,135,344 and the exports to \$1,599,420,539. The increase of imports is accounted for by the extra demand for materials to be used in manufactures. The importation of luxuries and of articles which are outside the bare necessities of life is considered by Agent Bell to be a good indication of the prosperity of a country, though not all economists would agree with him in this judgment. There has been in 1905 an abundance of money for agricultural purposes; manufacturing plants have turned out products in excess of any previous year; there has been no over-production; the mileage of railways has steadily increased; issues of stocks and bonds have been without precedent; and failures have been fewer in proportion to the number of firms in business. When it is stated that the wealth production on the farms in the United States was estimated at \$6,415,000,000, it can readily be understood of what importance the farmer is as a purchasing agent. There are no signs at present of this great activity decreasing, but, on the contrary, there is every indication that the present year will be quite as prosperous as was its immediate predecessor.

Important Work by Congress

AS usual, the closing scenes of Congress, which has concluded its 59th session, have been attended with great excitement, the progress of law-making being accelerated amid terrific heat. The railroad rate bill as amended by the House has been agreed to by the Senate, and signed by the President. The President has also signed the naturalization bill, and the bill for the construction of a lock canal across the Isthmus of Panama. A deadlock has occurred on the public buildings bill over an amendment appropriating \$3,000,000 for a site for buildings to house the Departments of Justice, State, Commerce, and Labor. The Senate has surrendered to the House on the meat inspection bill, agreeing to allow the expense of inspection to be saddled on the Government,

and withdrawing its insistence on the labeling of cans with the date of their preparation. This is a partial victory for the packers, to whose clamors the House has weakly yielded in part, while not daring wholly to resist the public demand for meat inspection. President Roosevelt thus commends the work of Congress:

"In the session that has just closed the Congress has done more substantive work for good than any Congress has done at any session since I became familiar with public affairs. The legislation has been along the lines of real constructive statesmanship of the most practical and efficient type, and bill after bill has been enacted into law which was of an importance so great that it is fair to say that the enactment of any one of them alone would have made the session memorable; such, for instance, as the railroad rate bill, the meat inspection measure, the pure food bill, the bill for free alcohol in the arts, the consular reform bill, Panama Canal legislation, the joint statehood bill, and the naturalization bill."

State Regulation of Railroad Rates

ONLY by steady and patient study of the multifarious details of that intricate subject, can the knotty problem of railroad rates be dealt with, and not by sudden flashes of legislative wisdom. The discussion of rates in Congress has stirred up various State railroad commissions to unaccustomed activity. The Kentucky commission has ordered an extraordinary series of reductions in rates to local points, some reductions amounting to as much as 25 per cent., while the saving to shippers contemplated by this action is estimated at \$1,800,000. The newly created commission in the State of Washington has been giving hearings on five subjects—the joint rate on wheat, the freight rate on empty grain bags, the terminal rate for Bellingham, the minimum charge on small shipments, and a new station for Pasco. The Wisconsin commission has been considering the question of enforcing a two-cent-a-mile passenger rate, except in the case of the least prosperous roads. The Indiana commission has asserted its right to prescribe freight rates, and the Illinois commission, one of the oldest in the country, has ordered a sweeping horizontal reduction of rates, ten per cent. on some classes and eight on others. Such slap-dash legislation is apt to be unjust, and the new statutes of Wisconsin, Indiana and Washington are to be commended for the reason that they require the commission to examine specific rates and discourage the promulgation of fixed general schedules. In any case, as much depends on the personnel and spirit of a particular commission as on the statute under which it acts and the precise scope of its powers.

Effects of Foreign Immigration

CONGRESS has failed to enact a more stringent immigration law with an educational test for the newcomers from foreign lands; but that fact, while regrettable, is not necessarily full of menace to American institutions, since experience has shown that in many cases a process of race mixture goes on, analogous to the breeding of new kinds of fruits and edible tubers, which issues in finer strains

and types of character. With the ports of America receiving over a million immigrants a year, too much attention cannot be paid to the problem of immigration, which deserves to be studied by trained scientists who will look at the subject in a large way. While Massachusetts has in the past ten years absorbed a large foreign element, the number of inmates of prisons has in the same period decreased, and it is claimed that in the United States as a whole crime is decreasing relative to the increase of population. It may be that the ultimate type of American will be all the stronger and nobler the more diverse

within certain racial limits, are the people from which the raw material is being drawn. The sociologists have a theory that people with strength, enterprise and courage enough to break all ties with the homes of their ancestors and settle permanently in distant lands, supply in the mass excellent material upon which to base a posterity of high character. The theory is certainly true in large numbers of individual cases. The assimilative capacity of America would not be so seriously strained, at all events, if the stream of arriving immigrants could be scattered over the whole land as a stream of water is sprayed over a garden.

James N. Adam, the People's Mayor

THE career of James N. Adam, the new mayor of Buffalo, proves that it is possible for a man to become a millionaire honestly and to remain a mayor incorruptly. At the age of twelve James was an apprentice in an Edinburgh dry-goods store, making a dollar a week. In 1872 he came to America and started a store in New Haven. In 1881 his brother invited him to become one of his own rivals in trade in Buffalo. He accepted the challenge, and founded the firm of J. N. Adam & Company, which became Buffalo's greatest department store. That splendid business grew and thrived on the rule: "Never misrepresent anything. Keep your promises, no matter what the cost." There was nothing that his clerks could do that James N. Adam could not do better, from wrapping a bundle to selling a household outfit. In course of time "J. N.'s" store (so-called to distinguish it from his brother's, which was across the way) became the recognized headquarters in Buffalo for trustworthy goods and prices that were right.

It was this millionaire merchant who carried the business spirit into all that he did whom the people of Buffalo determined to have as mayor, having first made experiment of his qualities as a city councilor. The story of that campaign is well told in a recent number of the *World's Work*: "When Mr. Adam was nominated, the opposition said: 'J. N.' is honest, but he is an old man.' But he surprised them. He upset all electioneering precedents. He spent no money. He had no headquarters. 'I carry them in my hat,' he said. At a little table in a corner of his old office at J. N. Adam & Company he transacted all his campaign business. His platform was, 'Honesty versus Graft.' What he did was to send a frank letter to every voter guaranteeing a business administration." "J. N." allowed his opponent, a lively young lawyer, to start a "whirlwind" speech-making campaign; but when the last two weeks of the campaign were on, he himself spoke four or five times a night, his speeches being filled with hard business sense, and abounding with epigrams, of which the following are samples: "Graft is non-partisan;" "The way to climb upward is not to live downward;" "The trail of the political dollar should be as publicly known as the route of the Empire State Express."

As soon as the new mayor was elected, by a majority of 10,000, instead of resting he at once visited a dozen large cities in the country, studying municipal conditions. When a city councilor he had gained a reputation, rather annoying to the professional politicians, for "poking into things too much," but he acquired a vast sum of statistical information, and has since improved every opportunity of learning how to do the business of the people in the best way. It was not long before Buffalo realized that it had a real mayor. The corporations found out that fact, too. "J. N." does not believe in spying, but he believes in using his eyes, and other people's, too. When he sees fraud, he exposes it mercilessly. He has views, too, on questions of public policy, which represent a doctrinairism qualified by actual contact with men and conditions as they are. "J. N." believes in municipal ownership, in lower taxes, in conducting the public business as carefully as if it were a private interest, in a fair and square deal for all, in a Socialism which is not selfish, but the product of the Golden Rule, and in a restraint, by moral sentiment if not forcibly by legal means, on the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He has a strong if unconventional religious conviction, and his favorite preacher is Robertson of Brighton. His three beloved B's are Browning, Burns and Bryce.

Take him for all in all, James N. Adam is an imported article for Americans to be proud of. He has worked hard for himself, and now, having retired from business, he is working hard for the people. He has wanted to go fishing all his life, and has never had the chance. It is not yet time for him, so he thinks, to take a holiday, and he still works devotedly from morning late into each night. He keeps a sharp and scorching eye out for grafters, whom he describes as thieves in disguise, but he has a kind word for all such humble folk as newsboys, officeboys, janitors or scrub-women who, as he passes in and out through the corridors of the City Hall, come in his way. To one and all he is "J. N." He makes no pretension. He says of himself: "I am not a reformer, I am only a business man—working. But I believe in honesty in everything." And the people of Buffalo are satisfied, for they are persuaded that an honest mayor is the noblest work of God.

IN HIS PRESENCE

The Spiritual Leader

Invocation

Our Father, we are too weak and foolish to choose or follow the right way of life. We must have masterful guidance, or we are defeated from the beginning. We come to Thee as the King, the Guardian, and the Guide, whom alone we dare to follow. Go Thou before us, and we will follow where Thy steps may lead!

Scripture

"Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us; that we also may be like the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles." — 1 SAM. 8: 19, 20.

Meditations

I — The Hardship of Spiritual Loyalty

It might seem to be very easy to be loyal to the Divine leadership in the realm of individual and social life. Surely to hear and heed the inner voice is the way of joy and freedom. No sooner do we try this, however, than we are conscious of a demand of our lower and more material impulses that a king be set in external form over us. It is easier to receive a command from a king whom we have clothed with external authority than it is to follow the command of our own conscience and inner prompting, which God has made our one sovereign under Himself. Let no person believe that he can become a true subject to the voice of God except at the cost of severe struggle.

II — Following the Fashion

The temper of disloyal laziness demanded a king. Still another mood was uttered in the request. "We must be like the other nations," said the people, "and the other nations have kings. Give us a king." So they followed the fashion even if it led them away from God and the glory of immediate government by Him. So much can the frenzy to follow the fashion do for the timid soul! Religion never gets out of the clutch of the fashion. As individuals we wear our religious clothes according to the prevailing mode. Sometimes they are cast off by a courageous spirit. He is generally called a radical and shunned by the timid. God works through him. He ushers in a new time.

III — Cowardly Laziness

The real motive in the request for a king is revealed in that subtle suggestion "that he may fight our battles." Here we strike at the very heart of all that shifting of personal responsibility and avoidance of individual struggle which lay in the request for a king to be the leader of the people. There lies in every one of us the tendency to shirk and be lazy, which rises often to the point of arrant cowardice. Our king shall fight our battles and our king shall bear our burdens. It is the easiest way in which to escape the heat of the conflict and the stress of the struggle. Against this temper every resolute soul will arm himself, and every noble spirit will oppose the utmost resistance which he can muster.

Prayer

Grant us strength, O God, to be loyal and true to the immediate sovereignty of Thy will in our lives! We pray for resolution and courage wherewith to face our duty and be strong. When men reject Thee, help us to cleave unto Thee yet more closely. When the fashion is to cease reckoning with God, help us to listen and give heed to the inner voice yet the more intensely and implicitly. In the realm of the spirit do Thou lead us this day as the King and Lord, whom to know and follow is joy and peace and power.

A REVIVAL THAT STAYS PUT

THAT was a striking phrase that was used by President Roosevelt when, addressing the New Jersey Association of Congregational Churches at its recent meeting in Washington, he said: "I feel that, whether in public or in private life, nothing counts if there is not a revival of conscience, and a revival that stays put." That is just it. What is needed in morals is the staying power. The power to "arrive," as the French say, is something, is much, but it is of little practical good unless accompanied or followed by the power to stay.

The Apostle Paul had much to say in his writings regarding the grace of stick-to-itiveness — although he did not call it just by that name. "Wherefore having done all, to stand," "Stand therefore," "He that endureth shall be saved" — these and other similar expressions occur readily to mind as the apostle's contribution to the literature of staying power.

The test of any offered religion or pretended faith is its ability to persist, and its power, while it persists, to transform humanity and develop character. Christianity answers to this description, and the thing to do, therefore, is to cultivate that stable and unfailing type of Christian experience which is as much a fact today as it was yesterday, and which will be as forceful tomorrow as it is today.

But in order for a revival to stay put, it must be always in process of being put. The reinforcing forces must be perpetually at work. A revival needs itself to be revived. It is never a finished result, but always — when a real revival — an arriving product, as vital as the pulse-beats that in a normal body come fast and hot one after another. Inflow must maintain outflow, and only a constant access of the grace of God in the soul of man can secure and support that "heavenly frame" — as the dear fathers called it — and that otherworldliness of tone and temper which after all is the believer's best asset as a Christian apologist. The proper prayer for the church is that sigh of the song, "Revive us again!" All true revivals begin and continue in prayer. The revival that prays and pleads the promises, and believes and hopes and sings, is the revival that "stays put."

CRISIS IN SOME THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS

THE inadequate supply of young men for the ministry in several denominations is giving trouble on both sides of the sea. Happily, as Methodists, we are measurably free from this difficulty. Our schools of theology would indeed be glad of still more students, but they are fairly well filled, showing no decline, and most of our Conferences have plenty of applications for membership. Some of our sister churches are not so well off as we in this regard — have, indeed, made pretty large requisitions upon our surplus to fill their own pulpits. Notably has this been the case with the Congregationalists and Protestant Episcopalians, who for many years have not seemed able to raise up in their own families and schools

enough ministers for their needs. To what shall this lack be attributed? What is it that induces young men to give themselves to this calling? Is it not a strong, constraining conviction which grows out of a firm faith in the certitudes of Christian truth, in the great facts of sin and salvation, ruin and redemption, perdition and heaven? And where this faith in the essential verities has grown faint, a "call" to the ministry is not distinctly heard. The ministry as a mere profession has not the attractions that it once had, which is, perhaps, just as well on some accounts; but it is not well to have the love of souls diminishing, or the desire to give one's self unselfishly to the highest welfare of one's fellow-men.

We have been drawn into this line of thought by the quandary in which our Congregational brethren increasingly find themselves with regard to Andover Theological Seminary. It is in a predicament which will apparently compel heroic treatment at an early day. For the last five years, while the faculty consists of nine professors, instructors and librarians, together with three lecturers, the total number of students, including those in special courses and resident scholars, has been only sixteen, with but eleven or twelve in the three regular classes. When a class gets reduced to two or three, it is evident that the slightest diminution will wipe it out altogether, and such fate appears to be immediately threatening in this case. Every effort has been made to attract students, without avail, and it seems hardly likely that the school will open again on Andover Hill. Ten years ago there were 50 students there, and fourteen years ago 80. Into the questions, "What has brought about the collapse?" and "What ought to be done?" we do not feel called upon to enter at this writing. As an impartial student and observer of the seminary for twenty-five years, we hold clear convictions as to the causes of its decline, which have often been stated in these columns. Clearly, for some reason, it has lost the confidence of the denomination at large, and is unable to regain it.

There are certainly very grave objections to the removal of the Seminary to Cambridge and making it a part of Harvard University, as is seriously suggested. We should be sorry, speaking in the interests of a sane evangelical orthodoxy, to see this done. Surely a better use for the funds can be found than this. The Harvard Divinity School has professors and instructors enough (twelve in all), besides President Eliot and the librarian; but in the three regular classes there are only 21 men, sixteen more counting as resident graduates or special students. Assuredly this showing of the meagre patronage of the Harvard Divinity School ought to be conclusive against any claim for superiority of location at Cambridge or for supposed advantages of nearness to or connection with the University. Besides, to remove to Cambridge would justify the impression, which causes so much anxiety and apprehension, without as well as within the denomination, that Congregationalism and Unitarianism are really contemplating a theological merger.

The Resubmissionists Lose by 1250 to 50

THE periodical agitation in Maine for the resubmission of the Prohibitory Law, is likely to mislead those who are not familiar with the situation. One would suppose, from some statements in the public press, as the gubernatorial conventions are about to be held, that there was a widespread sentiment and conviction in the State in favor of resubmission. It was so this year, and opponents of the prohibitory law were sure that Maine was weary of it, and was to enact local option. The conventions of the two leading parties, Democratic and Republican, were held last week. The Democratic Party, hoping to gain some votes, declared itself in favor of resubmission. The matter was discussed in the Republican convention, and when the vote was taken, it stood 1,250 against resubmission to 50 in favor of it. The following resolution unqualifiedly expresses the sentiment and conviction, not only of the Republican Party, but of the people at large:

"We believe in prohibition and demand the faithful enforcement of the prohibitory law because the business interests of the State and the material and the moral welfare of the people are thereby promoted. We hold that submission to law is the highest duty of the citizen, and that good citizenship seeks the enforcement of all law at all times — nullification never."

Governor Cobb, who has proved to be a most worthy, able and useful governor, was renominated by acclamation. Well done, Republican Party of the Pine Tree State!

More Successful Evangelism

THAT the leaders of New England Methodism are deeply interested in the cause of a more successful evangelism, none could doubt who were present at an informal gathering in Bromfield St. Church, Boston, June 18. At the invitation of Bishop Goodsell a company of representative men, including the presiding elders and the Commissioners on Aggressive Evangelism of the Vermont, New Hampshire, New England and New England Southern Conferences, the president and theological professors of Boston University, and laymen representing other large church interests, met in conference with Rev. F. S. Henderson, D. D., of New York, the recently-appointed field secretary of the General Conference Commission on Aggressive Evangelism.

After making a brief analysis of the situation in the church at large as well as in the local field, Bishop Goodsell presented Dr. Henderson. Although of recent appointment, it was soon evident that Dr. Henderson possessed a very comprehensive grasp of the needs of the situation and the way to meet them. His plans were sane, suggestive and feasible. He made it plain that the Commission did not want to foist a new organization upon the church, but proposed to assist in inspiring, instructing and re-energizing the already well organized forces in the field. To accomplish this end, it is proposed to bring the pastors, official members, Sunday school and Epworth League and other church leaders into touch with the most successful pastors and evangelistic leaders of the entire church. Pulpit and personal evangelism are to be discussed, new methods which have proved successful are to be suggested, and Divine guidance to be especially sought, looking to immediate results. It was voted that the initiative of this movement in New England should be made at a

large convention to be held in Boston, Oct. 15-17. This will be followed by district conventions all over the field. President W. E. Huntington of Boston University, Dr. John Galbraith, presiding elder of Boston District, New England Conference, and Rev. L. A. Nies, pastor of Stanton Ave. Church, this city, were elected a committee to confer with Dr. Henderson concerning the preliminaries of the proposed convention.

Literature and Labor

THE Labor Party members of the present English Parliament, numbering fifty or more, have strongly impressed themselves upon the public, lifting their cause into a prominence it has not hitherto enjoyed, and securing already legislation helpful to those by whose suffrage they were elected. Some one was lately moved to inquire into the books which have chiefly helped these men in their upward climb. A canvass revealed the fact which might perhaps have been anticipated, that they attribute their strength for the most part to the mental food common to all English-speaking people—the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Shakespeare, Scott, Burns, and such like. The great masters of prose and poetry are, after all, the main preachers of democracy and liberty. And from the inexhaustible fountains of Holy Scriptures, most of all, may be, and are, drawn the soundest of arguments and the keenest of inspirations for the uplifting of humanity. Among writers on economics these Labor leaders speak most frequently of Henry George and Ruskin, their style being much more level to easy comprehension and their presentation of truth more attractive than that of more logical and solid writers like John Stuart Mill. Of novelists, as might be expected, Charles Dickens and Charles Kingsley stand first with these men, for they have taken sides with the masses rather than the classes, and their winged, burning words have gone deep. The whole list, given in the *English Review of Reviews* for June, is a very interesting one. No writer knows, when he puts forth his work and states, as best he can, the truths that are in him, how far his candle may throw its beams, how many people, even in other generations, may be wrought upon by him for good.

PERSONALS

—Rev. Dr. Robert Forbes, of the Church Extension Society, presented that cause in our church at Woburn on Sunday evening, June 24, with characteristic ability and impressiveness.

—Miss Elizabeth C. Northup (M. A., Boston University) was one of three to receive the Phi Beta Kappa key during the recent Commencement. A better honor could not fall to a worthier woman.

—Rev. J. T. Docking, Ph. D., after closing a very successful year as president of the Cookman Institute at Jacksonville, Fla., goes with his wife and daughter to Chautauqua, N. Y., for July and August.

—Rev. Thomas Harrison, the noted evangelist, has been engaged for the Williamite camp meeting, Aug. 20-27. Rev. A. B. Kendig, D. D., has also promised to be present for three or four days to give Bible readings on the deep things of God.

—A happy feature of the Commencement at Wellesley College was the appearance of Governor Guild and his staff just as Dr. Canfield, the Commencement orator, finished his address. The Governor made a

fine speech on "The Relation of Woman to the State." President Hazard gave a brief *résumé* of the work of the seven years of her administration, during which nearly a million dollars in buildings, endowment or scholarships, has been added to the property. President Hazard will spend next year abroad, Dean Pendleton acting as president in her absence.

—Rev. W. I. Ward, of Fall River, goes with his family to Yarmouth Camp-ground early in July to stay until September 1, and his post office address while there will be Yarmouthport, Mass.

—Rev. Garrett Beekman, of the New England Conference, who is making his home with his son, Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Woburn, living at 535 Main St. in that city, is ill with tuberculosis of the lungs and confined to the house. His physician speaks hopefully of his condition. He is able to see his ministerial brethren, and brief calls or letters from them will be welcome and greatly comforting.



A GROUP OF W. F. M. S. WOMEN

The faces in the group above are so well known to workers in the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, that it hardly seems necessary to name them; but for the benefit of those outside the circle we will identify them: The three standing left to right, are: Mrs. Sarah C. Legg, president of N. E. Branch; Miss Mary E. Holt, corresponding secretary; Miss Juliette Smith, assistant treasurer. Sitting, left to right, Mrs. B. T. Williston, treasurer; Miss Ada Cushman, assistant secretary. This photo was not intended for reproduction, but Miss Smith, who happened to show it in the office, was practically "held up" for it.

—Rev. Wilbur N. Mason, of Wesley Church, Salem, writes under date of June 27: "Mrs. Gilbert R. Bent, wife of one of our New England Conference superannuates, died yesterday, after a painful illness of three months." A suitable memoir of this excellent Christian woman will appear at an early date.

—The *Universalist Leader* notes this significant fact: "Rev. Dr. L. Clark Seelye, for more than thirty years president of Smith College, wished to retire this year, but was persuaded by the trustees to postpone it for another year at least. The trustees do not share Dr. Seelye's conviction that having reached his seventy-first year his days of usefulness are over."

—Justice David J. Brewer, addressing the alumni of Yale University last week, said of Secretary Taft that he had "safely guided the country through the intricacies

of the Philippine situation, and was at present carrying on successfully the great canal problem;" and predicted that "he would carry to the Presidency the same strength of character he has shown in dealing with other problems."

—At the recent Commencement of Boston University Rev. E. W. Lutterman, pastor of the church at Ashburnham, was the recipient of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His graduate studies were pursued during the three years when he was dean's secretary in the School of Theology. He is now serving a second successful year in his first pastorate.

—For the first time in the history of Johns Hopkins University the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class was preached by a Methodist minister. This honor fell to Rev. W. F. Sheridan, D. D., pastor of Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, who delivered the address on "The Unsearchable Riches of Christ," on June 10. The *Baltimore Sun* gave the address in full.

—Mrs. Hatfield, wife of Prof. James T. Hatfield, of Northwestern University, whose serious sickness has heretofore been noted, died at Weimar, Germany, June 11, of meningitis following typhoid fever. She was the daughter of Dr. Henry Wilson, of Baltimore, and sister of Bishop Luther B. Wilson. Her father and sister hastened to Germany as soon as apprised of her sickness, and reached her in time to comfort her in her last hours.

—Rev. William J. Cozons, of Newton Highlands, has just completed another year of evangelistic work which has been signally successful. He is now resting, although open for pulpit work each Sunday in July. He will supply for Rev. J. C. Waterhouse, of Winthrop, during the first three weeks of August, and commences his fall labors at the Foxcroft (Me.) camp-meeting, Aug. 20 to 27.

—Dr. Charles Edward Locke, of Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, will spend the month of July on the Pacific Coast, visiting his former parishes in San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. He will also deliver his two lectures, "A Pilgrimage to Shrines of American Heroism," and "When Scarecrows do not Scare," at each of the four Pacific Coast Chautauquas. Returning early in August, he will join his family at Martha's Vineyard. Dr. W. S. Lewis, of Morningside College, Iowa, will have charge of Hanson Place Church during July and August.

—At Harvard University Commencement last week, after Charles Francis Adams had made one of his peculiar and impressive addresses, pleading that the institution needed urgently \$20,000,000, President Eliot convulsed the audience by saying: "A little girl once said she didn't like to study American history because it was all cluttered up with Adamses. I want to add that the history of Harvard University is all cluttered up with Adamses. And no one of that great line has rendered more service to the University than the representative of the class of 1856."

—The following tender note is received from Rev. T. C. Cleveland, of Gloucester, under date of June 28, announcing the death of his sainted mother: "I have just returned from a two weeks' visit to Atlanta, Ga., where I was called on account of the critical illness of my mother. When I left for home I thought she might linger for some time, but the change came suddenly, and she entered into rest, Monday evening, June 25, five days after I left her bedside. On the day before I left home, I had the

privilege of standing with my father, who is a Presbyterian minister, and with him administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to my mother, and my three sisters—my last communion with my mother until we commune with Christ and with each other in heaven. Death came to mother as a relief from her sufferings, for she had been bedridden for over a year, and had endured much pain."

— Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Guth, of Epworth Church, Cambridge, left on Monday for San Francisco, where they will spend their vacation.

— Rev. J. W. Jones, of St. Paul's Church, Lincoln, Neb., received the degree of D. D. from Nebraska Wesleyan University.

— Prof. C. M. Stuart, D. D., of Garrett Biblical Institute, was gladly welcomed in a brief call at this office last week. He and his wife have gone to Randolph, N. H., for a part of their vacation.

— Rev. Fayette L. Thompson, D. D., of Hennepin Avenue Church, Minneapolis, Minn., called last week. A thoughtful and generous parishioner had provided a two months' vacation in Europe, and Dr. and Mrs. Thompson have already sailed from New York.

— The *Central Christian Advocate* of last week says: "So earnestly did Bishop McDowell preach the Gospel at the College Students' Conference at Lake Geneva, Sunday before last, that at least one student was converted and so moved upon that the next day the Bishop walked with him into the lake and baptized him by immersion."

— Miss Helen Minshall Young, daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Jesse Bowman Young, of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, took her A. B. degree from Wellesley College, Mass., June 16, and was on that date appointed graduate assistant in the department of philosophy in that institution for the incoming year. Miss Young graduated from Walnut Hills High School in 1902, and took her freshman and sophomore work in the University of Cincinnati.

— Our beloved Mrs. L. A. Alderman, corresponding secretary emeritus of the New England Branch, W. F. M. S., does not come to Boston very often nowadays from her pleasant home in Hyde Park, so that a brief visit from her last Thursday was particularly appreciated. She held quite a little reception in the office of the *Friend*, a number of friends in the building dropping in to greet her. Were it not for weakness, she says she would be ready to go to the India Jubilee with Mrs. Butler.

— U. S. Senator Dolliver, who thinks as little of academic and ministerial toggery as we do, appeared as the principal speaker at the Miami University Commencement exercises in the academic gown of a doctor of laws. The Senator remarked that he felt as if he were in a bathing suit and a peek-a-boo bonnet. When the audience laughed, he dropped the gown on the floor, where it remained, while he finished his speech, clothed, as it were, in his right mind.

— Percival W. Clement, of Rutland, Vt., who four years ago was an independent Republican candidate for Governor and was defeated by a small margin, was last week nominated for Governor of Vermont both by the Democratic State Convention and by the Independent State Convention, which Mr. Clement himself had called. Mr. Clement is the advocate of license and local option in the State, and was instrumental in eliminating the Prohibitory Law. He is irrepressible, and promises to make gubernatorial politics lively in Vermont. We

hope his aspirations will receive stern and effective rebuke.

— We note with profound sorrow, which will be felt by the Christian public in this country and the world at large, the death of Rev. Judson Smith, D. D., one of the secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. For twenty-two years he has filled this important position. Coming to it from long and successful years as teacher and editor, deeply religious and remarkably well-balanced in judgment and administrative qualities, he has not only rendered invaluable service to the Congregational Church and its mission work, but to the greater cause of world evangelization. He was a model Christian gentleman of beautiful Christian character and life.

BRIEFLETS

In the report of the W. F. M. S. meeting at Winthrop Beach, June 13, it is stated that "at Shelburne Falls a little auxiliary of 13 members had raised \$168 the past year." It was the Mittineague auxiliary which did this work.

We shall begin, next week, the publication of three very important contributions from the pen of that master in our Israel, Dr. Daniel Steele, entitled, "Some Women Misleaders." The first paper is upon Joanna Southcott and her strange career as a religious leader.

The two-page electro which appears elsewhere is from the photograph of the San Francisco ruins, made by Geo. R. Lawrence Co., of Chicago. It is the best picture that has been published of the city. It was taken by means of a camera suspended from a line of box kites, and gives a realistic conception of the more than five thousand acres of ruins in the heart of the city. It is published in the interest of the Methodist Layman's Relief Legion on behalf of our churches in California.

A society man who recently in New York shot one of the most noted architects of America, was allowed when a boy at school \$1,000 a month in spending money. Was that the way to bring up a boy? Indulged in every way, the young man who is now held by the law pending trial followed his fancies in various directions, and came to regard life as one long playday in which to romp like a reckless child. He now finds himself in deepest trouble. His skies are clouded, and his money does him little good. The warning both to parents and children is evident. Without the bal-last of religion men's heads are lighter than a soaring feather.

The Pure Food bill passed by Congress, while not a perfect measure, goes at least a great way toward protecting the public from the frauds that have for so long been foisted upon it. The bill as agreed to by the Senate and House defines adulterated and misbranded articles of food and drugs, and makes their introduction from one State to another unlawful. This legislation is designed to supplement the pure food laws of the various States. The term "drug" includes all medicines recognized in the United States Pharmacopoeia, while the term "food" includes all articles used for food, drink, confectionery or condiment. Large powers are by the law granted to the Secretary of Agriculture. It is the conviction of the advocates of this legislation that the moral effect of the law will be to drive

from commerce most of the adulterated and misbranded stuff now sold. Such a result is devoutly to be desired.

Arrangements have been completed under a plan outlined by Alfred Mosely to send between November and March 500 British teachers to the United States and Canada to study the educational systems of the two countries. They will be chosen from all parts of the United Kingdom and will represent all the classes in the schools.

Governor Guild, in making a masterly plea last week at Harvard University for the old manly, ethical and altruistic educational ideals, closed his address with this forceful illustration: "Mr. Charles Schwab tells us that the study of music and history and the rest is a mere waste of time. Salaries of five or six figures are not to be won by it. I better like the remark of a friend of mine who earns his living as a letter carrier, whose spare coins are carefully saved that his boy may have four years at Harvard. 'Not,' as he said to me, 'because I think a Harvard education will make him a money-getter, but because I think it will make him a man.'"

The annual barbarity known as the 'Varsity race was rowed last week at New London, Harvard being this time the winner. As usual, one or two of the rowers collapsed. Physicians say that in every race some men receive irreparable injuries, such as an enlargement of the heart. Yet thousands of race mad people are willing to sacrifice somebody's else boy on the altar of their sport loving curiosity every year. It may not be that the racing should be abolished. What has just been said applies to the four mile contest, as at present rowed. If the course were cut down to two miles, the results would not be so bad. The strain on the rowers in the four-mile contest is terrific, and should be abated.

Secretary Larkin

DR. F. M. LARKIN, pastor of Grace Church, Chicago, while on a visit to Cincinnati was pressed into the secretaryship of the Methodist Layman's Relief Legion, an organization earnestly seeking to raise funds to meet the tremendous needs of the churches in San Francisco, wiped out by



REV. F. M. LARKIN

earthquake and fire. Dr. Larkin is well known to us and to the Methodists of Boston and vicinity. He is well qualified for the responsible and urgent work which has been put upon him. We bespeak the sympathetic and hearty co operation and support of the church in his great undertaking.

Commencement at Wesleyan University

BALMY air and clear skies marked the entire period covering the notable 75th anniversary exercises of Wesleyan University, held at Middletown, Conn., June 24 to 27 inclusive. Each day of the anniversary was marked by the presence of notable speakers, nearly every one of whom was a prominent alumnus of the University and a man well known in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thus it was a distinctively Wesleyan celebration, and served to bring many of her prominent sons in closer touch with the life and work of the University. But it was not in this respect alone that the celebration was a noteworthy success, for it is safe to say that every one of the six hundred odd graduates who gathered for the exercises carried away increased love and devotion for the old college and a determination to keep in closer touch with its interests in the future. Thus the celebration served to work much lasting benefit to the University, which is the oldest Methodist institution in this country, and which for seventy-five years has honored the life and work of John Wesley.

Owing to the great number of events on the program for the week, several of the undergraduate functions were crowded into the week previous to the celebration. The annual prize declamation contest was held the Thursday before Commencement Sunday, and the Rich prize speaking contest came the following evening. Friday morning the seniors held their annual walk-around, and that evening the sophomores cremated first physics, the study which is the bugbear of their college course. With appropriate exercises they pretend to burn their text-books on the subject. Saturday afternoon the 'varsity baseball team defeated the alumni, 5 to 1. That evening at the Middlesex Theatre the Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave one of the finest concerts ever rendered. The famous glee club of 1888, which first made Wesleyan famous in glee circles, was present in a body, and sang some of the fetching old college melodies. Theodore Richards ('88), principal of a school in Honolulu, Hawaii, came all the way from that island to attend the anniversary exercises, and to sing with the 1888 club. William A. Montgomery ('90) and M. W. Gill ('89), merchants in Portland, Ore., also came across the continent to "raise the song for Wesleyana" once again. The arrangements for the appearance of the famous old club were made by W. B. Davis ('92), of Middletown. The personnel of the club which appeared that evening contains names well known to the alumni, and was: First tenor, F. A. Bagnall, Adams, Mass.; E. S. Fernald, Springfield, Mass.; M. W. Gill, Portland, Ore.; and E. A. Noble, Hackettstown, N. J. Second tenor, H. P. Griceen, White Plains, N. Y.; T. A. Humason, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. K. Monroe, Newark, N. J.; and J. M. Harris, Hoosic Falls, N. Y. First bass, S. V. Coffin, Middletown; R. B. Hibbard, New York city; W. A. Montgomery, Portland, Ore.; and Theodore Richards, Honolulu, Hawaii. Second bass, A. L. Campbell, Reading, Mass.; F. M. Davenport, Clinton, N. Y.; A. D. Hamlin, New York city; and L. E. La Fetra, New York city.

The anniversary exercises were formally opened by the

Baccalaureate Sermon,

preached by President Bradford Paul Raymond, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday morning. The graduating class and alumni marched into the church,

led by Professor A. C. Armstrong, the university marshal. Professor Karl P. Harrington ('82), the organist of the church, presided at the organ. On the platform with President Raymond were seated Bishop Cyrus D. Foss ('54), Philadelphia, Pa., and Rev. Milton S. Terry, D. D., of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. Bishop Foss announced the hymns, and Dr. Terry read the 24th chapter of Luke and offered prayer. President Raymond announced as his subject, "Old Altar Fires Rekindled," and took his text from Luke 24:32: "Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Dr. Raymond said that the rekindling of the fires in the hearts of the young men referred to in his text was such a rekindling as is needed today. One, he said, frequently hears the lament that the good old times are gone; but, he added, the fathers never saw so good a day as this day. He then went on to say that if today we are lukewarm, "our lukewarmness is due to pleasure-seeking, to the greed for riches, to selfishness, to infidelity, to the reign of appetite, and to a score of other reasons that might be named." Continuing, he said:

"That was a notable walk that Jesus took with those two young men on the road to Emmaus. Were He to walk this afternoon with two of our young men on the way to Cromwell, about what would He talk with them? Would Jesus have nothing to say about the issues of the day? Nothing about wealth and its abuse, nothing about monopolies and their tyrannies, about socialism and salvation? Would He speak only of dead issues? We make too much fuss about wealth. If in some magic airship we could sweep over all the States today, we should see below us the farmer, the carpenter, mechanic, young men and young women, children and youth, mature manhood and womanhood. These are the people I see from our airship, 75,000,000 of them, scattered over the continent. Billionaires, none; multi-millionaires, few; millionaires, not enough to make a small town. I have no hesitation about the searching investigation, the urgent legislation of the time. It all indicates another moral renaissance. These great money-making organizations stand for the forms of progress, but they also represent the brutality of progress. Wealth is too much in the field of thought. You cannot put into its vocabulary the values which Jesus came to make current. Jesus does not speak in terms of wealth. He keeps to the high level of personal relations. He is forever after that nice sense of relationship that ought to exist between God and man and between man and man. His Sermon on the Mount is alive with the relationship of persons. The righteousness which He requires must exceed the righteousness of the Pharisee—it must be vital, not formal."

In the evening at First Church, Prof. William North Rice, LL. D. ('65), gave a fine address on "The History and Work of Wesleyan University." Rev. W. A. Richard of New Haven read the Scriptures and Bishop Foss offered prayer. [A full abstract of Dr. Rice's address will be found on page 843.]

Monday brought a

Great Influx of Alumni and Friends

of the University, many taking up their residence for the time being at the fraternity houses, at the homes of the professors, and with friends in the city. The green stretch of campus in front of old college row began early in the morning to present an animated and busy appearance. The trees beside the main walks were quite covered with posters bearing instructions to the guests, while the halls and corridors of the chapel and the library were the

gathering places of many little groups of alumni. The chapter of Phi Beta Kappa had called its annual meeting for 9 o'clock in the morning, and this turned out to be the first meeting of the day. The officers elected were: President, Prof. William North Rice; vice-president, Prof. C. T. Winchester; secretary, Prof. F. W. Nicolson; and treasurer, Lawyer Clarence E. Bacon, of Middletown. Honorary elections were then extended to Prof. W. A. Heidel, who is filling the chair on the faculty which the late Prof. Van Benschoten held for so many years with such credit and honor; Rowland Miles ('89), Northport, N. Y.; Rev. George S. Godard ('92), Hartford, Conn., the State librarian; and P. J. Treat (1900), instructor of history in Leland Stanford University. The members of the graduating class who were initiated were: Harold D. Arnold, Central Village, Conn.; Charles W. Atwater, Middletown, Conn.; Jesse V. Cooper, Greene, N. Y.; Clarence E. Hancock, Syracuse, N. Y.; William G. Murphy, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Newton M. Perrins, Seymour, Conn.; Frank E. Robbins, Westfield, Mass.; Guy W. Rogers, Forks-ville, Pa.; George W. Sherburn, Bradford, Vt.; Charles M. Travis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frederick W. Wright, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Alice G. Cooke, Middletown, Conn.; Miss Margaret E. Donahoe, Middletown, Conn.; Miss Faye M. Keene, Waldoboro, Me.; Miss Ella P. Warner, Highwood, Conn.; and Miss Florence Winter, Middlefield, Conn.

At 11 o'clock in the morning the final chapel exercises were held in Memorial Chapel, the attendance being very large, many having to remain standing at the rear of the auditorium. Rev. Charles H. Buck, D. D. ('64), Yonkers, N. Y., read the Scripture and offered the prayer, and then President Raymond welcomed the alumni and guests to the

75th Anniversary Exercises

of the University. "One of the first things that you old graduates will notice," said he, "is the ruins of Old North College, in many respects one of the handsomest and most cherished buildings of college row. But we are going to have a new dormitory, like the old one, save it will be a little larger and modern, and will be without the tender associations. It will stand on the same spot, and if any of you were to walk up between the elms on the front campus two years from now, you will doubtless see very little change in external appearance."

Dr. Raymond then introduced Rev. Benjamin Gill, D. D. ('70), professor in the Pennsylvania State College, who was to make the announcement of prizes. Two years ago Dr. Gill's Alma Mater conferred a D. D. on him, but by special solicitation he was induced to come the nine hundred miles to attend the anniversary exercises. Dr. Gill was delightfully facetious, and kept every one in good humor for over two hours. He enjoined Charles W. Atwater, son of Prof. W. O. Atwater, who took the prize in economics, to make the money go a long way, and to most of the others spoke in a witty vein.

The announcement which was received with the most applause was that of the Rich prize, founded by Isaac Rich in memory of his wife, which was awarded to James Augustus Wilson, of Calhoun, Ala., who is a negro. The Rich prize is for the best Commencement oration. There were seven in competition this year, Wilson and six whites. Wilson's subject was, "Shall the Negro have a Share in American Politics?" Wilson is the only negro ever

Continued on page 864

THE LATE GOVERNOR PATTISON

A Personal Recollection

REV. WILBUR N. MASON.

MY acquaintance with Hon. John M. Pattison came through my father. For five years father was pastor of our church at Milford, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. Mr. Pattison's beautiful country home was within sight of the parsonage, and with a regularity almost like clockwork he passed our house in the morning on his way to his office as president of the Union Central Life Insurance Company in Cincinnati, returning in the evening with like regularity, suggestive of his exact business habits in every detail of his life. He was a member of the Milford Church, and one of the most influential men on its board of officials. This church is one of the oldest Methodist churches west of the Alleghanies. Its centennial was fittingly celebrated during father's pastorate. It had only about two hundred and fifty members, but father used to remark to me that he knew few churches—even among our large city churches—that had such a strong and representative body of official men. Of this company, Mr. Pattison was one of the leaders.

He was vitally interested in all the affairs of the church, and gave generously of both time and money to further its work. He was tireless in his devotion to his business, and felt that he could not attend the week-day services; but he was always present on Sunday with his entire family. He was a most attentive and sympathetic listener. I vividly recall the encouraging and appreciative words he spoke to me, when I, a beginner in the ministry, preached occasionally for father, and Mr. Pattison was in the audience. His gracious kindness was a stimulus to the theologian who essayed to preach to some of the representative business men of Cincinnati whose homes were at Milford.

Mr. Pattison was the head of one of the greatest financial enterprises of Ohio, and as such he was accustomed to mark out a policy that his associates should follow; yet there was nothing of the boss or autocrat in his relations with the official men of the church. Father has repeatedly spoken to me of the fine deference that Mr. Pattison showed him as pastor. When some question was up for discussion, and the members of the board differed, as strong men will, Mr. Pattison would ask for father's opinion, and when it was stated, he at once became its advocate. He was loyal to his minister, and was ready to follow him as the leader in the affairs of the church, just as he expected his associates in his great insurance company to act in perfect harmony with their president. Strong man that he was, he never used his strength to sow discord or strife in the church.

He was not a man of large physique, but he had a closely knit, sinewy frame that was capable of tremendous activity. His abounding energy was poured into everything he undertook. He was intense in his convictions, and his courage made him a dangerous antagonist. On moral questions he was uncompromisingly loyal

to the highest and best. He was an ardent Democrat, but his ideals of right lifted him above the pettiness of politics, and made him the champion of principle before party.

Mr. Pattison was especially outspoken in his advocacy of temperance. He fought the saloon because he believed it to be the foe of all that is wholesome in the community's life. In the splendid campaign that he made for governor last fall, it was his sterling principle and absolute sincerity that rallied to his support all classes of people who believed in honesty and integrity in public life. It is a striking tribute to Mr. Pattison that, at a time when high officials in great insurance corporations were shrinking in shame from public scorn, he, the president of a great insurance company, became the champion of moral reform, and on that platform was elected to the highest office in his State by an overwhelming majority.

He was unaffected in his manner. His great success in life did not mar his quiet simplicity. He was a pleasant companion, a genial and friendly man. He began as a boy on the farm, and rose steadily to the most honored place in the business and political world; but through all the years he remained an unobtrusive, yet forceful, courageous, Christian gentleman.

Salem, Mass.

Shine Just Where You Are

Don't waste your time in lounging
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission,
By shining just where you are.

— Selected.

THE EXPERIMENTAL METHOD

REV. CHARLES A. CRANE, D. D.

AN ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory. In cases where theories are abandoned and experiment is emphasized and advertised, there can be no just complaint if experiment be—to some extent—an accepted test of truth. In a pastorate of more than nine years in two churches in Boston, of all the many members thereof only one has ever made any serious test of the claims of Eddyism. Here is the result: This member, being seriously sick with a deadly disease, sent for me to call upon her. I found her suffering intensely. She at once began to talk of her case, and asked if there was any possible chance for the Lord to forgive so great a sinner as she had been, for, she assured me, her sin had been unusually and especially grievous and aggravated. When I inquired as to the cause of her grief and sin, she replied that she had been persuaded by some of

her friends, who were members of Mrs. Eddy's church, to say and to believe that she had no disease and that she did not suffer. She followed their advice, and told all who came to see her in her sickness that she was perfectly well and was suffering not the slightest pain. "All this time," she said, "I was in bed bearing, as bravely as I knew how, the most excruciating pain, and in the midst of all this suffering I lied to my husband, to my daughter, to you, to all my friends, and to God. Can God ever forgive such a liar as I have been? I had always been truthful and counted honesty as a chief virtue, but I honestly believed, for a short time, that if I followed their advice, I would have no pain; but here I am in awful agony, and I can live only a few hours at the longest. Is there any hope for one who has so deliberately and knowingly lied?" I consoled her as best I could, and her penitence was so thorough and genuine that I have no doubt she was forgiven.

Another Case

My mother lay with her limbs drawn up several years before her death. During this last illness she was frequently visited by an Eddyist who lived near by. This neighbor at last asked my mother to be treated by a "healer," and when mother consulted me, I at once agreed that she should try every experiment which promised to give relief to her suffering; but I added that she ought to know the terms of the contract before she agreed to it. She then consulted her Eddyist friend, and was informed by her that the "healer" would come and read to her from Mrs. Eddy's book for five dollars a visit. When this was reported to me, I said to my mother that I would make a proposition far more generous and fair than that. I then offered to pay the "healer" \$500 when my mother's limbs were straightened, and another \$500 when she was able to stand upon her feet. When this was reported to the Eddyist she left the house in a way that did not suggest perfect serenity, and she never returned, not even to attend the funeral of my mother, which took place a short time after.

Another Case

This same Eddyist permitted her aged father to die in his bed without aid, and when the doctor came to examine the body in order to give a certificate of death, he found that the fluids in the old man's body had rotted through the flesh. The son of this good old man, whose only treatment was a reading from Mrs. Eddy's book by a "healer," came to me in a storm of feeling and declared that he counted his father as having been murdered by sheer neglect, and I confessed that I could not successfully dispute his contention.

These three experiments should be added to the long list which has been hung upon the outer walls of the Eddyist church here in Boston during the last few days.

People's Temple, Boston.

— Don't be laid away at last as an unfired gun. Demonstrate your right to be remembered by doing something worth remembering. — Rev. William Rader.

History and Work of Wesleyan University

PROF. WILLIAM NORTH RICE, LL. D.

Abstract of address delivered Sunday evening, June 24, in Methodist Episcopal Church, Middletown.

OUR celebration this year is related to the Wesley celebration of three years ago in the fact that the founding of this college was one of the effects of the Wesleyan revival. The church which was born in Oxford could not fail to recognize its responsibility for a share in the work of Christian education. The earliest attempt to found a Methodist college in the United States was in 1787, but that attempt was a premature one, and the destruction of the building by fire was a providential deliverance from an embarrassing situation. About the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century a number of Methodist academies were successfully started, and it became obvious that the time was near when the foundation of a college might reasonably be attempted. The location of such an institution in Middletown was the result of the establishment here of Captain Partridge's Military Academy in 1825, and its removal to Norwich, Vermont, in 1829. To Rev. Laban Clark belongs the honor of proposing the acquisition of the land and buildings of that academy for the use of a Methodist college. The property was finally given by the trustees of the academy to the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on condition that it should be used perpetually for a college or university, and that an endowment of \$40,000 should be raised. The college was accordingly organized, and commenced its work in the autumn of 1831.

In the first year there were five members of the faculty and forty-eight students. That seems a small beginning, but it was a day of small things. The Methodist Episcopal Church had then less than one-ninth of its present membership, and a far smaller fraction of its present wealth. The colleges of the country at that time were few and mostly small. The day of great educational endowments was far in the future.

The college was fortunate in the selection of its first president, Willbur Fisk. He was not, indeed, a great scholar, or a great thinker; but he was a persuasive orator, a gentleman by nature and by practice, a man of saintly spirit, a personality strangely fascinating and impressive.

Comparing 1831 with 1906, we note more than five-fold increase in faculty, more than six-fold increase in the number of students, about thirty-seven fold increase in the endowment. To the original buildings, North College and South College, and the little brick building now serving as the State Bacteriological Laboratory, have been added the buildings of later date, adorning the campus in their architectural beauty and ministering to the enlarged needs of the institution in its educational work.

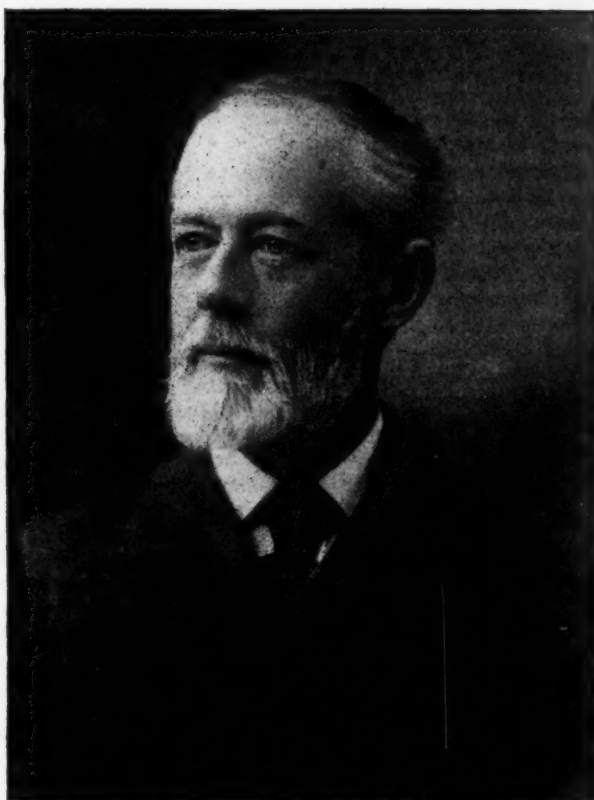
Of the graduate alumni of Wesleyan, 728 are dead; 1,791 are still living and working. The influence of Wesleyan has probably been most strongly felt in the sphere of education. Among the living alumni are 11 presidents of colleges or professional schools, 103 other instructors in such institutions, 304 teachers in schools of lower grade. Especially important has been the influence of Wesleyan University in its representation in the faculties of the younger colleges of the same denomination. Of the living graduates of Wesleyan, 346 are in the ministry, 218 in law, 84 in medicine, 54 in journalism, 312 in mercantile and manufacturing business.

I do not propose to give in detail the annals of Wesleyan, or even to sketch the history of successive administrations. I

wish to call your attention to a view of certain contrasts between the former and the latter half of its history. About the middle of the period of seventy-five years which we are celebrating, most of the colleges of the United States underwent a more or less decided change in curriculum, in administration, and in general spirit. The English colleges furnished the model upon which the older American institutions were founded; but to a very large extent the spirit and ideals of the English college have been displaced by those of the German university. Formerly the dormitory life was emphasized, and a close supervision of manners and morals was practiced. The graduates were expected to enter the so-called learned professions, most largely the

first including both Latin and Greek, the second Latin and not Greek, the third neither of the ancient languages. In each of these courses a wide range of elective studies was provided. Since 1873 the number of electives has been largely increased. The old curriculum included no advanced courses. With the exception of mathematics and classics, there was in general only one course offered in any subject; and no very advanced courses were provided even in classics and mathematics. The curriculum of 1873 introduced laboratory work in the sciences. Methods analogous to those of the laboratory have been extensively applied in other departments. More and more the effort has been to put the student in the attitude of an investigator. Under the old *régime*, classes were conducted almost exclusively by the method of recitation. Under the new, the lecture system has become predominant, though a judicious use of text books in some of the classes is still retained.

That the change from a fixed curriculum to a liberal elective system has been beneficial is the almost unanimous opinion of intelligent educators. The field of learning and thought is too broad to be surveyed by any student in the four years of a college course, and the relative importance of different parts of the field to different students depends largely upon individual tastes, aptitudes, and professional plans. The elective system gives to the best students the opportunity to specialize their chosen departments during the college course. To the average student the change from the fixed curriculum to the elective system means the difference between four years of drudging task work and four years in which at least some part of the work is brightened by the kindling of a genuine love of study. Under the old *régime*, a graduate naturally thought he



PROF. WILLIAM NORTH RICE, LL. D.

ministry. The ecclesiastical character of the institution was strongly marked. Some of the newer institutions have no dormitories; and, where dormitories exist, they generally lodge only a part of the student body. There is less detailed supervision of the conduct of the students. The curriculum is more varied, affording preparation for a wider range of employments. The ecclesiastical character is less strongly marked. The English college aimed to produce a cultured gentleman. The German university aims to produce an investigator. The combination of the two ideals in our modern American institutions will yield a result better than either of its sources. The change from the college to the university involves in general a change from prescription to freedom in study and in life.

In Wesleyan this change may be said to have taken place in 1873. Prior to that time there had been a fixed curriculum, consisting chiefly of classics and mathematics, and with very few elective studies. In 1873 the curriculum was radically transformed, assuming substantially its present shape. Three four year courses were announced, leading respectively to the degrees of A. B., Ph. B., and B. S.; the

knew everything which a well-educated man could be expected to know. The student of today understands that not only his professors, but his classmates, know something of studies whose very names he can hardly understand.

The new system requires a much larger faculty than the old. It involves, also, a change in the character of the instructors. In the old time the college instructor must be a Christian gentleman possessed of scholarly tastes. The primary quality demanded of the instructor of the modern university is that he be in considerable degree a specialist. Advanced courses, seminary courses, laboratory courses, cannot be conducted by a man possessed only of general culture. The first professor in Wesleyan who had studied and traveled in Europe in special preparation for his department was elected in 1863. The first who had received a Ph. D. was elected in 1867.

For efficient work the number of students in the modern university must be larger than in the old college. A liberal elective system in a very small institution is too enormously expensive. The varied curriculum of the university attracts students of widely varied business and pro-

professional plans. Between 1873 and 1905 the number of ministers among the alumni of Wesleyan increased only 4 per cent.; that of lawyers only 44 per cent.; while the gain in the number of physicians has been 87 per cent., in the number of teachers 168 per cent., and in the number of men of business 154 per cent.

The collapse of the old endowment of the college, and the foundation of two other colleges of the same denomination within our patronizing territory, prevented an immediate increase in the number of students after the adoption of the new curriculum; but in the twenty years from 1880 to 1900 the number of students increased from 163 to 350.

Not only have the American colleges welcomed to their halls men of a larger variety of professional and business plans than formerly; many of the older colleges have opened their doors also to women, and a large share of the newer institutions have been co educational from their foundation. Women were first admitted to Wesleyan in 1872. Today there are women students in the great majority of the colleges and universities of New England. What changes of organization or administration may be deemed practicable or advisable in the future, I will not undertake to discuss; but, under some conditions or other, the privilege of education will doubtless continue to be offered to women in Wesleyan University.

With the old fixed curriculum there was little inducement for students to remain for graduate courses. Since 1872 the presence of graduate students has been an important feature of the work at Wesleyan University.

The modern university requires vastly greater material facilities for instruction and investigation than the old college. The university demands libraries, museums, laboratories; the old college could get along nicely without them.

The change from the college to the university has brought not only freedom of study, but freedom in other phases of student life. The paternal discipline of earlier days has passed away, and students are thrown more largely upon their own responsibility. The old competitive marking system has been greatly modified; and examinations in larger measure than daily recitations decide the passing of students and the awarding of honors. In the general atmosphere of freedom which belongs to the university, it is natural and fitting that in increasing measure the responsibility for the good conduct and the good name of the college body should be thrown upon the students. The trustees and faculty do not propose to abdicate their rightful authority; but it is reasonable that the views and feelings of the student body should be consulted in the administration of the college. Full and frank conference between representatives of the faculty and of the undergraduates, as now provided for in Wesleyan University, cannot fail to lead to better understanding and more harmonious co-operation. We are proud of our honor system of examinations. No one in Wesleyan doubts that examinations are safer when guarded by the honor of the students than when guarded by the vigilance of the faculty. In the Athletic Council, representatives of faculty, alumni, and undergraduates have worked together harmoniously to raise the standard of athletics.

The ideals of the new education are not peculiar to Wesleyan. The faculty of 1873 did not originate them, but did recognize them, and in a spirit of progressive conservatism did adjust the work of the institution to them. Nor is it any disparagement to others to name Prof. J. M. Van

Vleck as most influential in guiding Wesleyan through the period of transition.

The controlling spirit in the foundation of Wesleyan was intensely religious; yet it was not a spirit of narrow sectarianism. The first charter forbade the requirement of any religious test. Non-Methodist instructors were employed in the earliest years of the college. The provision of the charter of 1870, that the president and the majority of trustees and faculty must be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a retrograde step. The university must demand freedom of investigation, freedom of teaching; but such freedom has existed in Wesleyan from the earliest time. John Johnston, for so many years the professor of natural science, was as hospitable in his attitude to new scientific truth as any of his successors have ever been, or need ever be.

The present age has little faith in any attempt to enforce piety by legislation. The religious life of the institution has come to depend less on services prescribed, insti-

tuted, or controlled by the faculty, more upon the spontaneous religious activities of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. If Wesleyan has been a Christian institution in the past, it has been made such by teachers whose words and life were an inspiration, and by students who brought to college the benediction of Christian homes. It is for us who make up the constituency of Wesleyan today, and for our successors, to determine whether the religious spirit of the founders shall abide. As the spirit of holy memories rests upon us, we feel the presence of other forms and faces than those revealed to sight. The saintly souls whose life work was in the institution, or who passed here their student days and served their generation in other fields of duty, are with us in spirit presence. Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us with deeper devotion, with more strenuous purpose, resolve that the sacred heritage in which we rejoice shall be transmitted unstained to those who follow us.

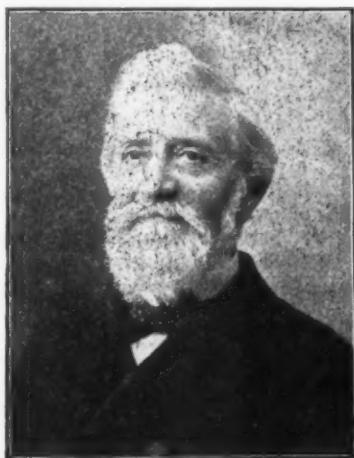
A Look Backward

REV. EDWARD W. VIRGIN.

"Ask for the old paths," — JER. 6: 16.
 "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" — ZECH. 1: 5.
 "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit," — Virgil, *Aeneid*, Lib. 4, line 203.

THE reminiscences of Mr. Henry W. Bowen in the HERALD a few months ago were very interesting to many readers, and must have been profitable to the younger generation, helping them to get in touch with early Methodism in Boston, and to learn "not to despise the day of small things." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

The picture of the old first meeting-house for Methodism in Boston on Methodist Alley at the North End, which accompanied Mr. Bowen's article, leads me to



REV. EDWARD W. VIRGIN

remark upon that. It looks as it did to me when, on my first visit to Boston, I made a pilgrimage to that shrine in company with two young men who had been recent students at Wilbraham Academy and inmates of our home. One of them was Henry Whitaker, brother of Mrs. David Slade, of Chelsea, who afterwards married a daughter of Enoch Benner, of Chelsea; the other was a brother of Micah Dyer, Jr., who was also previously a student at Wilbraham. In that identical building my father must have done the most of his preaching that was done in Boston. The bulk of his hard work was in Maine, however, when nearly all of New England was in one Conference. The structure was situated in what was

known as Ingraham's Yard, subsequently called Methodist Alley, 1796. Afterward the name was changed to Hanover Avenue, Aug. 24, 1824, which name it still bears. It runs from Hanover to North St., the former then called Ship St., and latter Ann St. The corner stone was laid by Jesse Lee, Aug. 28, 1795. The building went up slowly, and was dedicated May 15, 1796, the sermon being preached by Rev. George Pickering. The structure was 36 by 46 feet, rough and unfinished within, and benches without backs served for pews. The alley had no sidewalks. The outside opened directly into the aisles, and to the right and left hand stairs led into galleries, one of which was occupied by males, the other by females. A stove stood in front of the altar. Opposite the pulpit were the singers' seats, and the old church was famous for good singing.

Jesse Lee put down his stake to stick. Here Methodism began to do business. Few things are like a church home to tie the people together. Charles Wesley preached in King's Chapel and Christ Church, Boston, in 1736, William Boardman in 1772, William Black in 1784, and Freeborn Garretson in 1787; and doubtless George Whitefield preached in Boston. But the converts joined other churches. These churches being closed as a rule against Methodist ministers, services were held in a schoolhouse first, and then in an upper room in the house of John Ruddock, corner of Harris and Ann (now North) Streets.

When the building was completed on Methodist Alley, the society had a rallying centre. The first class was organized, July 13, 1792, at the house of Samuel Burrill on Sheafe Street at the North End. The society worshiped in Methodist Alley till the erection of a more spacious edifice on North Bennet Street was completed; and the old church was occupied by the Boston Port Society until the Seaman's Bethel in North Square was finished, in which Father Taylor preached so long.

In the chapter by Dr. Dorchester in the "Memorial History of Boston," he says the church (Methodist Alley) from 1796 to 1828 was a centre of moral light and heat. The voices of all the eminent men of that day were heard there.

Nov. 19, 1806, the church on Bromfield Lane (now Street) was dedicated, Rev.

Samuel Merwin preaching the dedication sermon.

The names of the preachers mentioned by Mr. Bowen are (some of them) familiar as names of old warhorses, and there were others: Revs. Amos Binney, Charles Adams, then principal of the Academy, David

and George W. Mansfield, of the New England Conference, and several of father's children went to school to Marshall Rice, the famous teacher for more than one generation in Newton Upper Falls.

It seems a most worthy custom, that of preserving in our Conference Minutes the

one of the other members of the choir, Chester Smith, I had known as a student at Wilbraham Academy. How they sang! And how it helped! I think Dr. J. O. Peck came as pastor from Conference.

Father Virgin was accustomed to have family prayers immediately after breakfast and supper, and to have grace said at the table. He had often quoted the proverb: "Prayer and provender hinder no man." After his death my mother desired to maintain the family altar, and for years the chaplains at her table were, among others, George Prentice, Wm. H. Daniels, Wm. J. Hambleton, B. F. De Costa (of Methodist, Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic affiliations afterward), O. S. Howe, Joseph Pullman, Sidney K. Smith, and C. T. Johnson.

Well, we will all soon join in the glorious refrain of our Hymnal:

"Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in."

Dedham, Mass.

GOD'S WHITE THRONE*

FANNY CROSBY.

Fanny Crosby, who is so well known the world over by the Christian songs she has written, tells her appreciation of "God's White Throne" in the following verses:

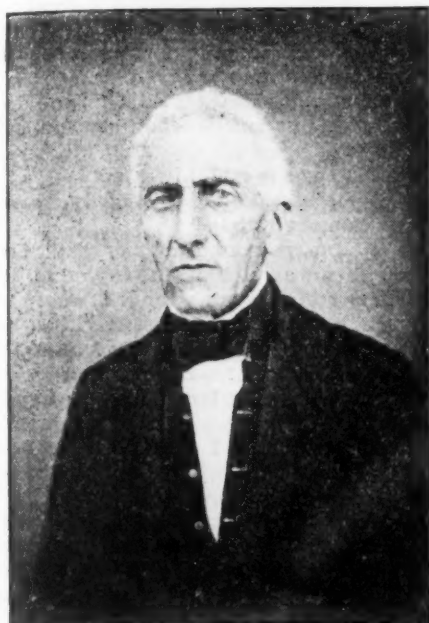
To the Christian world, my brother,
I commend this book of thine,
Consecrated by the Spirit,
To a wondrous work divine.
I commend it to our pastors,
To the flock 'tis theirs to feed,
To the lovers of the Master,
Whatsoever their name or creed.

I have read its hallowed pages,
And shall read them o'er and o'er;
They are teaching me a lesson
I have never learned before.
Thou art suffering, thou art serving—
Oh, the anguish thou hast known!
But the law of right and justice
Reigns supreme at "God's White Throne."

"God's White Throne," without a blemish,
Pure, immaculate, divine;
Where before His great tribunal
He will summon every clime.
Through thy deep research for knowledge,
Mysteries are explained away,
Problems far beyond our solving
Thou hast made as clear as day.

What thy book will yet accomplish
Thou, perhaps, wilt never know,
Till the King himself shall tell thee
Where the living waters flow.
Then before His holy angels
He will claim thee all His own,
And present thee robed in glory
Crowned with joy at "God's White Throne."

* GOD'S WHITE THRONE. Green cloth, deckle edge, gilt top, author's picture, \$1. Send for it to the author, Rev. Byron Palmer, Ashtabula, Ohio.



REV. CHARLES VIRGIN



MRS. LYDIA SPEAR VIRGIN

The above pictures of Father and Mother Virgin, as the students at Wilbraham affectionately called them, were taken (1850) in Sanger's traveling daguerrean gallery at Wilbraham, and the original daguerreotypes were the only pictures they ever had taken of themselves.

Kilburn, John W. Hardy, Lewis Bates, Kibby, Bonney, Newell, Father Ebenezer Newell—what a saintly man he was! How gentle and tender with the young, and speaking with a voice almost down to a whisper! These, with others, used to come to my father's house in Wilbraham after he was retired from active itinerant work, and would "fight their battles o'er again," laughing most heartily at many a quaint incident, which would always greatly interest the entire household.

Rev. Charles Virgin was never a pastor in Boston, but he was presiding elder of Boston District, 1813-1817, appointed by Francis Asbury, from whom I have in my possession an original letter postmarked Charleston, S. C., 25 cents, in which he urges him to continue at his post of duty. My father used to say he rode in the Methodist saddle for thirty years, traveling almost literally from Cape Cod to Canada, "feeding his horse on the Lord's meadow and himself at a Methodist tavern when he could find one." I have his three volumes of Wesley's Notes, firmly bound, but soiled and discolored, which he carried in his saddlebags. These were published in 1791 in Philadelphia and sold by John Dickins, our first Methodist Book Agent in America.

But those days of the break-out plow in Methodism were truly trying times, if not equal to the "labors, dangers and sufferings" of the apostles as recounted in Paley's "Evidences" which we used to recite in college Monday mornings. The first wife of my father was Shuah Coffin, a school-teacher of Saco, Maine, by whom he had eleven children, and the home larder was often scantily supplied. On the old Needham circuit, the place of worship in Weston I have often visited when pastor at Natick. It stood near the present residence of Abel Stevens Wellesley, and the irreverent outsiders called it the "old scalding tub." It is still in existence, but not on the same site, and it is said to be occupied by two families. My father lived in one-half of John Mansfield's house, father of Revs. John H.

names of those who have fallen in the itinerant ranks. In that "Roll of Honored Dead" the name Charles Virgin is among the first fifty called. He died in 1853 during my freshman year in Wesleyan University, and Rev. Stephen Cushing, pastor at Wilbraham, David Kilburn, and Dr. Miner Raymond spoke at his funeral. Since then more than 200 of our corps have answered "Ready" to the "Call the Roll, Sergeant Time." To show how near the beginnings of things Methodist in the vicinity of Boston my father was, I have before me a copy (given me by Dr. Samuel F. Upham, of Drew Theological Seminary, my classmate in college) of the exhorter's license of Samuel G. Upham, grandfather of S. F., and given at Malden, June 22, 1815, together with its renewal, August 3, 1815, and signed Charles Virgin, presiding elder.

I intended to have said, in referring to Mr. Bowen, that I well recall supplying one-half a Conference Sunday at Chelsea Bellingham Methodist Church, in 1859, when he led the large choir gloriously; and



THE VIRGIN HOMESTEAD

The figure in front will be recognized by many recent students at Wilbraham as that of Mrs. Cummings, their laundry woman, who lived in the house a few years. The house was in continuous occupation for one hundred and fifty years, but is now unoccupied. The little red shop that stood in the garden, and where George Prentice, E. A. Manning, Wm. H. Daniels, Horace M. Sessions, Dr. Foskett, Charles Keener (brother of Bishop John C.), and so many other students roomed, was moved to the rear of the cottage and is still standing on the premises.

The Interior begins an able and persuasive editorial with this pertinent sentence: "Don't forget California." This sentence should be engraved upon the American mind. It is one of the strange characteristics of our people that we can be so profoundly stirred by a great calamity like that which California has suffered, but so soon forget it.

THE FAMILY DEPARTMENT

At the Grave of One Forgotten

EFFIE SMITH.

In a churchyard old and still,
Where the breeze touched branches thrill
To and fro,
Giant oak trees blend their shade
O'er a sunken grave-mound, made
Long ago.

No stone, crumbling at its head,
Bears the mossed name of the dead
Graven deep;
But a myriad blossoms' grace
Clothes with trembling light the place
Of his sleep.

Was a young man in his strength
Laid beneath this low mound's length,
Heeding naught?
Did a maiden's parents wail
As they saw her, pulseless, pale,
Hither brought?

Was it else one full of days,
Who had traveled darksome ways,
And was tired,
Who looked forth unto the end,
And saw Death come as a friend
Long desired?

Who it was that reets below
Not earth's wisest now may know,
Or can tell;
But these blossoms witness bear
They who laid the sleeper there
Loved him well.

In the dust that closed him o'er
Planted they the garden store
Deemed most sweet,
Till the fragrant gleam, outspread,
Swept in beauty from his head
To his feet.

Still, in early springtime's glow,
Guelder-roses cast their snow
O'er his rest;
Still sweet-williams breathe perfume
Where the peonies' crimson bloom
Drapes his breast.

Give no tears, and pity not
Him who lies here, all forgot,
'Neath this earth;
Some one loved him — more can fall
To no mortal. Love is all
Life is worth.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

The Success of Defeat

Success and failure are not like day and night, heat and cold, mutually exclusive — night the absence of day, and cold of heat. Success and failure subtly interpenetrate.

The ground beneath the cherry-trees is white with fallen petals. If every blossom set to fruit, would that mean success?

The tool of the carver is dulled and worn away. Is that failure? The chips of his work are all about him, cut away from the mother-wood: is that which falls to the earth a failure?

Is the dead soldier's a wasted life? What though his arm can strike no more — what though he is buried in a nameless grave?

Can you see the success of failure? Did the blossom fall that withered in obedience to that law that sought for quality rather than amount of fruit? Did the chisel fall that, in wearing away the wood, was itself worn away for very faithfulness? Did the fragment fall that fell, not from rotteness, but that the vision and dream of the carver might be realized, that the figure of beauty might be led forth from its long and dark imprisonment? Did the brave heart fall though the soldier fell? To gather the spear-points like a sheaf of arrows into his breast and make a way for liberty, was death, but no failure. It was supremest victory, consummate success. But what if the cherry-blossoms bloomed in vain? What if no fruit ripened that year? What if the carving failed, and the cause was lost for which the warrior died? That is failure! No, a thousand times no! The cherry ovule that did its best to swell into fruit, the tool that was true steel, and the soul faithful unto death, succeeded. Each was true to itself, each fulfilled its mission. Then the outward may perish while the inward is renewed? Yes! The plan I conceive may fail, but I be better to do and bear. The cause I love may go down, while I, loyal to my convictions, true to my post, blazing away at my gun, am a success. I need be no failure.

Here we have reached the splendid truth — I need be no failure! Come what may, succeed or fail what will, I need be no failure. My field may be stony or swampy, my plough may be poor, my strength small, the weather bad; but if heartily as unto my Lord I do the best I can and look not back, but keep right on, I am no failure.

To have a fair wind and a sunny sky and a tight boat is not necessarily to be a success, and to have head-winds and cross-cut tides and rain and cold and hunger is not of necessity to be a failure; but no matter what the weather does, no matter what the tides — rain or shine, snow or blow, to steer by the stars and with a true heart to keep the course as best I can, is to succeed and be no failure, though my boat goes down and I am no more known till the sea gives up its dead.

Failure, then, is never an absolute word — always relative; and the only real failure is inside, not outside. It is not being true to the best we know. Inside failure is the only calamity. Outside failure may be the greatest blessing. Let me be loyal to plain and providential duty, true to the best I know, and what seems failure will prove to be a means of knowledge, development, and not seldom the bud of success.

Tracing the thought along these lines in relation to self-knowledge, strength and success, by God's help we shall get some new light on our dark clouds and go on our way with a stouter heart. — Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

What is the Good of It?

Some time ago I was talking with a friend of mine whom I had met in the train. I inquired after the health of his wife. "Well," said he in reply, "my wife is well, always well, and always very well, and what is better still, she is always happy. I used to think that she had not the same sensitive nature that I have. When anything occurs to annoy me I am utterly upset. I cannot eat my breakfast; I cannot do my business; I am really ill. But the other day I found out the secret of

my wife's complacency. Something had gone wrong which very much worried me. In the course of the morning I went into the house and found her cheerily going on with her work, actually singing as she bent over it; I felt quite annoyed.

"'Really, my dear,' I said, "'you don't seem at all put out by what has happened today.'

"'Oh, no,' she said, 'I am not.'

"'Well,' I said, rather angrily, 'then I think you ought to be.'

"'No, no, you must not say that. Look here. Years ago I made up my mind that when anything went wrong I would ask myself honestly and earnestly, "Can I do any good by thinking about it? Am I to blame in any way? If so, do not let me spare myself. Can I do anything to put a better face upon it?" If after looking at it honestly all round I found I could do no good, I made up my mind that I would give up thinking about it.'

"Thank you," said I to my friend. "That is the philosophy of the highest life — 'Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things.' " — MARK GUY PEARSE, in "Christ's Cure for Care."

The Impatient Stone

I was a stone beneath a Sculptor's hand
That lay and muttered in my discontent:
"Yea, worn am I. No beauty hast Thou lent
My surface — naught of splendor where I stand.
My quarry-brothers, Lord, at Thy command
Receive great honor — carved ornament —
Rich traceries. Good Master, was I sent
For uses dull? for no brave glory planned?"

Then He: "O eager stone — that cannot wait
My hour in patience — heed thou in what wise
From blocks of shapeless marble I create
All works divine. Thy brothers from such
gulse
Grow into noble outlines, day by day,
Not as I give, but as I rive away!"

— ALDIS DUNBAR, in *Harper's Magazine*.

"INASMUCH"

KATE S. GATES.

THERE were four or five girls just in front of me going in on the trolley this morning, and they were laughing and chattering away like magpies — as girls will, you know. I've often seen them before, and have thought sometimes they were, if anything, rather sillier than the average school girl — one in particular. She is the prettiest of the crowd — in fact, she is a very attractive girl; but I have often said to myself that she will never be anything but a useless little butterfly.

They got off at Elm St., where I did, and we had to wait ten or fifteen minutes for our transfers. There is a florist, you know, on that corner, and his window was filled with flowers as usual, though it seemed to me they were lovelier than ever. There were quite a number waiting for different cars, and we all looked in and admired the flowers; but I especially noticed an old man who stood a little apart from the rest of us. He was well along in years, and though he was as neat as wax, he did look so poverty-stricken, and his face had such a sad, wistful expression, that it made me choke every time I looked at him. I could see

that some of the others noticed him, and felt just as I did.

I thought several times that I would speak to him, for I was sure that he was in trouble; but you know how easy it is to excuse yourself from doing anything like that. "He is a perfect stranger to me," I said to myself. What should I say, and what would those about me think? It was just as much their duty as mine, and so on.

My flock of girls went giggling by, and stood on the other side of the street waiting for their car to come. If any one had asked me, I should have said that not one of them paid the least attention to any of us; but while I was trying to make up my mind to speak to the gentleman, I saw the pretty girl slip away from the others, and come over apparently to see the flowers; but she continued to stand close to the poor man I had been watching. Then, to my surprise, she spoke to him.

"Aren't the flowers just lovely?" she said, as naturally as could be.

"Indeed they are, miss," was the reply; "but I was wishing they weren't quite so dear."

There was something so sad in the way he spoke, that my eyes filled with tears, and I never should have known that I had seen that girl before, she looked so kind and sympathetic now.

"Yes," she said, "they do ask a good deal for some of them; but if you know how to manage, you can get quite a bunch very reasonably. You wanted some, didn't you?"

"I was thinking I'd like to take a few to my wife. She's sick in the hospital; but they are too dear."

He paused for a minute, then added, as if to excuse his seeming extravagance: "It is fifty years today since we were married."

They both spoke quite low, and I'm almost ashamed to say I got just as close to them as I could decently to hear; but it was from real sympathy, not curiosity.

"Is it?" exclaimed the girl, eagerly—and I could have kissed her, she was so sweet and kind. "Do you know it would have been my mother's birthday if she had lived? Won't you please let me send some flowers to your wife, for my mother's sake? I miss doing things for her so much."

Wasn't that sweet! And think how I had been calling her a useless butterfly!

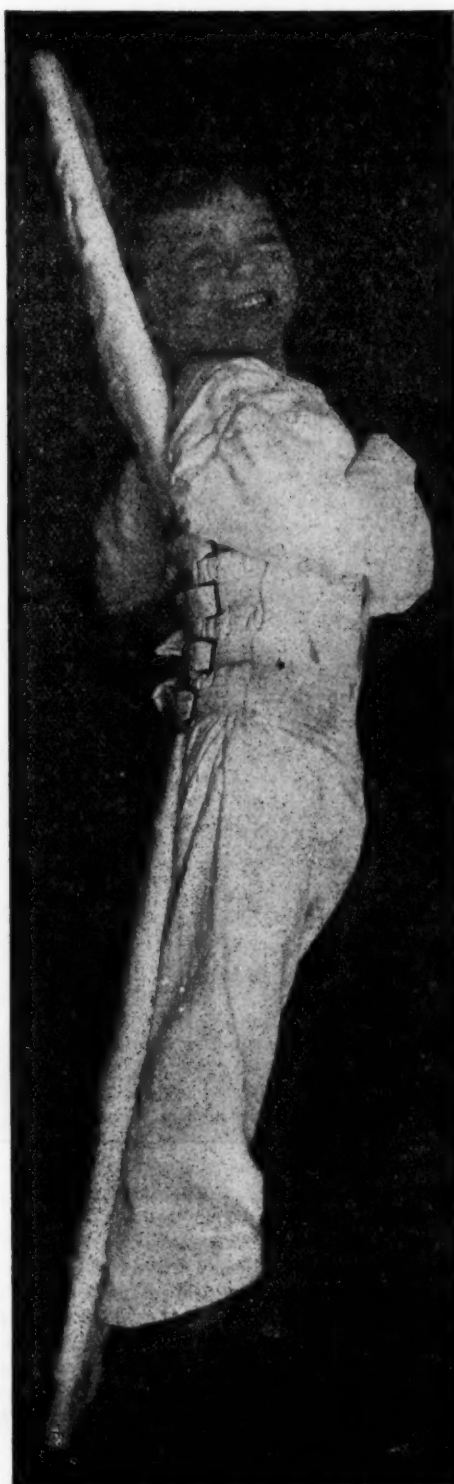
She rushed into the florist's, and when she came out she had a big bunch of beautiful pinks. I wish you could have seen his face, and heard him try to thank her! He could hardly speak, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he sobbed: "God bless you, miss!"

I longed to thank the girl myself, and I guess every one else on the corner did, for we were all interested by this time. But her car was coming, and she hurried to catch it.

I overheard one of the other girls say: "Isn't that just like Dell? She will probably go without her lunch for a week, at least, to pay for those flowers."

And I thought to myself, as I went my way, that the Master would say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me!"

Longmeadow, Mass.



A CHEERFUL VIEW OF A SERIOUS SITUATION

LITTLE Joe, crippled by bone tuberculosis, strapped to a board night and day, smiles because he is being wonderfully cured by the out door salt air treatment. He is at Sea Breeze, where the first American seaside hospital for such cases was started two years ago by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, whose headquarters are at 105 East 22d St., and of which Mr. R. Fulton Cutting is president.

There are 60,000 of these unnecessary cripples in the United States, 4,500 in New York city, only 44 being cured at Sea Breeze. They all agree with five-year-old Max: "I don't want to get dead and be an angel; I want to play first." If taken early, they can be saved from a life of pain and uselessness. Joe is already useful in helping you smile away your own troubles. Is not his smile also a hurry call for help to uncripple more of these little ones?

It is hoped that a large, permanent seaside hospital, costing \$250,000, will soon result from this successful demonstration of a great need and the way to meet it. Of this amount \$35,000 is still lacking and must be raised at once, or sums already pledged may be lost. This hospital should be followed by others on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

The starting of this movement has been only an incidental part of the great work which the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor does every summer at Sea Breeze. Here is where "fresh air," and with it strength, courage, hope, are provided at an expense of \$50,000 each season for 20,000 suffering poor, in the most congested city in the world, where America's problems are most acute, and with immigration evils that only the nation can control.

Many of the 20,000 go only for the day, the one day in the summer away from their dark, narrow, stifling tenements. Those who are recovering from sickness, or are at the breaking point, are kept, if possible, a week or more. How can one buy more happiness for \$2.50 than by sending to Sea Breeze for a week some overworked mother, an underfed shop girl, or an aged woman fighting bravely for self-support, or a teething baby, fighting for life itself? For \$100

four hundred boys and girls can have a glorious day at the shore, while \$500 will keep two hundred delicate ones for a week.

They go home with new ideas of health, ventilation, cleanliness, patience and kindness. The Association works for and with these people in their homes twelve months in the year, helping them fight hunger, pain, disease, accident, ignorance, injustice, vice and killing worry. The object is their permanent uplift to the plane of worthy American citizenship. The Association's experience of over sixty years proves that it can be done. If your local problems are not too much for you, lend a hand here.

SPRING FASHIONS

THIS morning when I looked out of my window, I saw Mrs. Berkley. At first I was not quite sure it was she. There was something strange about her carriage. She seemed to have an unaccustomed shrinking and shyness in her usually free and graceful gait. Mrs. Berkley is a very stately woman—I was just about to say old woman, but I remembered that nowadays there are no old ladies; at least they are so rare that one scarcely ever sees one. It has quite gone out of fashion to be old. But Mrs. Berkley belongs to my mother's generation and she has a little flock of children at her house who lovingly call her "Granny."

I rapped on the window pane and my friend looked up and greeted me with a

rather self-conscious nod and smile, quite different from the gracious, dignified bow that she is wont to bestow upon her friends. I beckoned her to come in, and I ran to the door to meet her.

"I had hoped to slip by without your seeing me," she laughed, as I led her into my sunny morning room.

"I don't allow my friends to slip by," I returned, "especially when I see them decked out in new spring costumes which I wish to admire at close range."

"It was this startling suit that made me hope you wouldn't see me. I was just planning to go down town and buy a dust coat, a rain coat, or any long wrap that I could find to cover up all this gorgeousity."

"The idea," I exclaimed, "of buying a wrap to cover up such a pretty new frock!"



"It is pretty, isn't it? But not for me. It would be just the thing for my youngest daughter, Ethel. I'm sure she would look lovely in this rose colored voile, but I—why I feel as if I were masquerading."

"Why did you get it if you feel that way?" I asked, smiling at her discomfiture.

"Don't think for a minute that this creation of old rose and cream lace is a premeditated step on my part. Indeed, nothing was farther from my thoughts when I went shopping last week for a spring suit, than such a color scheme as this," she smiled drolly as she stroked the folds of her gown. "I intended to get a plain gray, which seemed to me rather more fitting with my white hair, but I found that 'bright colors are worn exclusively this year,' that every one of any age whatever must have old rose, Alice blue, or some new shade of bright green that I have forgotten the name of. At first I resisted, but in a short time my resistance became feeble, and in a little while more, such is human frailty, I had visions of myself walking down the avenue looking like a girl of eighteen in this gay jacket and skirt. It was a lovely dream, but when I put on the suit this morning I woke up suddenly. I saw that even rose color wouldn't bring back the glow of youth, and that the white hair and wrinkles were still in evidence. You observe that the coat has elbow sleeves—'everybody wears them.' Of course the fact that my arms are not as plump as they once were should not keep me from following the styles, should it?"

I laughed in answer, and Mrs. Berkley did, too. "Another interesting feature of the costume is that this expensive white lingerie blouse I was persuaded to buy to go with the suit buttons behind. This morning I had to have little Dolly button it for me. What a spectacle—an old woman having her clothes buttoned by her grandchild! I believe the world of dress is turned topsy-turvy."

"Still, I should rather see you in those young clothes than in the staid garments that grandmothers used to wear. I believe that dress affects our feelings, and if clothes are sombre our hearts will be also."

"Yes, there is something in that theory," said Mrs. Berkley, "but let us have moderation. Let us dress becomingly and wear appropriate apparel, even if it isn't in the latest fashion. I believe that people of my age are entitled to that privilege. I'm going to give this gown to Ethel, and she can have the beflowered turban, too, and I shall have a silver gray suit, and a dear little bonnet trimmed with black velvet ribbon and forget-me-nots or a sprig of lilac. Then I shall know myself and be myself."

"I could ask nothing better for you," I remarked, "than for you to be your own dear self;" and as I waved to her from my window when she walked away I thought that it was just such young old ladies as she that helped to keep the world sweet and beautiful and wholesome.—SHIRLEY GRAY, in *Advance*.

—No cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—*Bishop Horne*.

GRANDMOTHER'S ROSES

"BELLE CONVERSE, you'll never do it."

"Won't I? Just wait and see! Oh, I know all your objections beforehand: 'I cannot afford it.' 'It's too extravagant.' 'A waste of money.' But while the rest of you may get what you please, good sensible presents, and I'll not say you nay, my present to grandmother is to be roses—great, creamy beauties—which shall fill the room with fragrance and her heart with delight at the same time."

"But, Belle, they are so expensive! and they will last so short a time; it does seem that a more substantial present—something that would be a benefit to her all winter—would be far more sensible, and I am sure grandmother would say so if you asked her."

"Now, Grace, I know that I have no money to waste, and all the sensible things you would say, but I shall not listen. For many years grandmother's birthdays have brought presents of plain, comfortable clothing that she must have had, even if there was no birthday to be taken into account, and though it may be unwise, I have decided to give her just a sweet, lovely present, such as I might give to a dear teacher or friend whose necessities I did not need to consider. If she is vexed I shall be sorry, perhaps,



that I did not buy stockings instead, but I am going to take the risk."

In the home of her daughter, Grandmother Girwood sat quietly knitting at a dark brown sock, thinking gratefully of the many blessings that were still here, though her own home had gone into the hands of strangers, and she had for many years been at the fireside of another. She knew the girls, as she delighted to call them, would be in soon with some little gift for the day.

Presently they came — Belle, Kate, Grace, Molly and Dorothy — and laid their offerings in her arms. They were useful, sensible gifts, made thrice welcome because she knew they were prompted by the love in their hearts, and tears filled her eyes; but they were tears of joy. Half-timidly Belle handed her the long box from the florist, hardly knowing what reception it might receive; but their astonishment was great when Mrs. Girwood burst into tears.

"For me, Belle! for myself — the roses! O my dear, I have longed for pretty things all my life, but there has never been enough of anything for luxuries. Belle, they are the first, the very first flowers I ever had bought for me. I" — and she struggled with her sobs. She kissed the soft creamy petals, and then held them at arm's length and brought them slowly back, inhaling their perfume, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the smiles chasing them

swiftly away. "May the roses of life garland all your path, dear! Oh, I am so glad you thought of it!"

"These will fade; we will try to get you some more."

"They will never fade from my heart." Then, turning to the others, she said, tenderly: "Your gifts were lovely, my dears; they will make me comfortable in days to come; but those — those roses — have made me so happy!"

And Grace, turning to Belle, with a tearful smile, said: "You were keener of sight than we; something must have told you how true are the poet's words: 'A rose to the living is better than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.'" — *Northern Christian Advocate*.

TOMORROW'S BRIDGE

There's a stream of trouble across my path;

It is black and deep and wide;
Bitter the hour the future hath
When I cross its swelling tide:
But I smile and I sing and say:
"I will hope and trust alway;
I'll bear the sorrow that comes to-morrow,
But I'll borrow none today."

Tomorrow's bridge is a crazy thing;
I dare not cross it now;
I can see its timbers sway and swing,
And its arches reel and bow.
O heart! you must hope alway;
You must sing and trust and say:
"I'll bear the sorrow that comes to-morrow,
But I'll borrow none today."

— ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT, in *Well-spring*

Not a Minister's Lady

THE public library of a small town is often the repository of miscellaneous bequests and benefactions for the bestowal of which there is no other convenient place. So it happens that in the pretty little library which graces the Lower Green of old Hentley, the visitor will find, besides books, a number of curios and pictures, and two fine casts from the antique.

One of the casts represents Demosthenes and the other Pallas Athena. They attracted the attention of two pleasant, comfortable-looking women who had strayed one day into the building during an outing to the village by trolley.

"I suppose he's the founder," remarked one of them, regarding Demosthenes with respect, "but he's kind o' queerly dressed, seems to me — most as if he was wrapped in a blanket. Don't it strike you he's queer, Melinda?"

Melinda contemplated the orator attentively.

"No," she announced, "not reelly queer, only because he's a statue and white all over. The memorial tablet says he was a minister, you know, and I suppose that's just his gown."

"Well, mebbeso," her companion agreed. Then her eye roved to the nobly warlike figure of the goddess, in corselet, helm and mantle, her hand grasping a spear, and she added, incisively:

"But, statue or not, if I were the committee, I'd pack that wife of his up attic quick. I don't care what the fashions were in her day, that ain't a proper dress for a minister's wife. Carrying a cane and wearing such a bonnet! And you mark my words, Melinda, if her looks don't belle her, that poor man was henpecked."

— *Youth's Companion*.

Charity and Charity

MISS MABEL CHAPMAN, in rich but plain attire—she was a disciple of the simple life—walked down the steps of her Lake Shore drive home, stepped into her luxurious victoria, and ordered the coachman to drive downtown.

any avail, first satisfied herself that Bridget's rheumatism was *bona fide*, and then proceeded on a long list of questions that she had jotted down mentally.

"How many children have you?" she asked, reaching the end.

"Seven and me auld mither," came the answer, and, as if in proof of the state-

squarily with the pathetic figure of a thin little woman carrying a bundle.

"Who may she be?" asked Miss Chapman, wondering if the newcomer was a member of the family that its head had forgotten in her inventory.

"Faith," answered Mrs. Harrigan, blushing to the ears, that her generosity should be known, "it's a friend of mine whose man runned off and lit her pinniless, so I towld her just to come here and make her home with us."

Miss Chapman's charity had amounted to something like the two hundredth part of an automobile she had intended to buy. Mrs. Harrigan was sharing with her less fortunate neighbor all she had.

—Selected.

"So Homelike"

IT was the time of evening prayers in the Deaconess Home. The last hymn had just been sung when the door bell rang. A young man with an honest, boyish face stood on the steps.

"I just called to see if you took boarders or roomers," he said.

"Why, no," was the reply. "This is a Deaconess Home."

"Is it?" he repeated rather vaguely. "Excuse me for intruding; but I've heard you singing every night as I go past, and it looks so kind and cheerful and homelike through the windows. I board down here a piece, but it's lonesome, and — I thought I'd just inquire — the singing sounded so good." And as he turned down the steps the deaconess said, "Oh,

what an opportunity for some good people to make a home for these homeless and lonesome boys and girls!" — *Inasmuch.*

"I find on following the deaconess' visits," says a city pastor, "that there is no greater power on earth to bring heaven into a home than a loving, prayerful, devoted Christian woman."



GRADUATING CLASS OF DEACONESS TRAINING SCHOOL

Standing — Lillian R. Fletcher, Emma Aker, Grace M. Smith

Sitting — Laura Donnell, Lois E. Sargent, Grace A. Twining, Carle Spear, Laura B. Sanborn

Halting in front of the post office, Miss Chapman dismissed her turnout and entered a street car. She had been bored by social engagements and was sweetly bent on an errand of mercy. Finally she dismounted and turned eastward. The street down which she walked was everything that the Lake Shore drive was not. Squalor and filth, ramshackle tenements and tumble-down cottages closely crowded, a muddy, unpaved thoroughfare, took the place of the spacious lawns, the shady trees, the open view across the lake, that meets one's gaze so refreshingly on the drive.

Miss Mabel, with compressed lips, and nostrils contracted, hastened halfway along the first block, stepped down a short flight of stairs, and walked up a narrow path between two unpainted tenement house walls. The Harrigan family lived in three rear basement rooms of the tenement at her right. Bridget Harrigan had once been washerwoman at the Chapmans', but was now laid up with inflammatory rheumatism.

At Miss Mabel's knock, Mrs. Harrigan herself hobbled to the door. Dampness streamed from the stone walls and mingled with the odors of cooking and washing that floated toward the low ceiling of the littered, yet pathetically bare, apartment. The only ornaments Miss Mabel could descry were two lithographs, faded from long exposure, that were used, satirically enough, to herald the virtues of soap.

"Niver did I expect to see the loikes av ye, Miss Chapman, in a place the loikes av this," proclaimed Mrs. Harrigan, as she wiped the split seat of a wooden chair for her visitor. She herself remained standing, shifting from one foot to the other, according as her rheumatism tired of one side and laid hold of the other.

Miss Mabel Chapman, who believed that charity must be scientific if it was to be of

ment, the children, meanly clad and hungry looking, filed into the room. A moment afterward, Mrs. Harrigan's mother, a toothless, age-withered crone, dropped into a seat near the stove.

Miss Chapman drew a twenty-dollar bill from her purse, and cutting short Mrs. Harrigan's flood of thanks, she arose to take her leave. She was making a graceful as well as a gracious exit when she collided

The Girl That Wasn't Wanted

KATE UPSON CLARK.

CHAPTER II

A Jolly Picnic

MR. and Mrs. Wellman came out and surveyed the situation. It was now about 10 o'clock, and Mrs. Wellman had been putting up a lunch for the boys, who were planning a picnic on Parker's Hill, the highest point in the neighborhood.

"How'll we get her down, Mr. Wellman?" sobbed Max, distractedly.

"Oh," answered Mr. Wellman, calmly, "she will climb down herself after awhile. In all the years I have lived here I never saw a cat so high up as that before — but she will get down. They always do."

"Ho-o-w?" blubbered Max.

"Oh, they grow hungry — and they get over the awful fright — and then they sort o' scramble — and sort o' jump — and sort o' scratch along down. They get down somehow."

"But we can't go on our picnic!" wailed Max.

"I don't know why not," said Kirk, who had perfect confidence in Mr. Wellman.

"Sitting here on the ground and watching her won't help her any. Our lunch is

ready. We shan't get up to the spring now before one o'clock. As Mr. Wellman says, she'll come down as soon as she gets over her scare. Here, you take the bat."

Whatever the Curry boys might forget to take wherever they went, they never forget a bat and a ball.

The combined efforts of all the family finally calmed Max, and he was persuaded to pick up the bat, stuff a ball or two into his pockets and start for Parker's Hill. Kirk and Max divided the luncheon between them. It consisted of only a little less than forty sandwiches; an ample box of cake; a dozen or more apples, which they carried in their blouses; nine eggs, carefully disposed upon a nest of hay in a basket; many potatoes for roasting in the ashes of a great fire which they proposed to build; a pot of fresh butter, and little papers of salt and pepper. A cup and a tin pail, with a knife, fork and spoon for each boy, completed their outfit.

Robert looked the supplies over doubt-

fully. He was afraid there "wasn't enough."

Mrs. Wellman, who was the most liberal soul in the world, assured them that they could have all they wanted; but they must remember that she was going to cook them a good hot supper when they came home.

It was probably the consideration of weight and bulk alone which decided the boys that they really had luncheon enough to sustain their lives for the next five or six hours. They lifted the knapsacks and baskets and boxes, decided that they did not wish to carry any more, and off they started. As they trudged down the road, Max shouted back: "You feed my kitty when she comes down, won't you?"

Mrs. Wellman nodded and smiled, and he turned the bend in the road, fairly well satisfied.

It was a hard climb which the boys had undertaken, but they loved it. The Wellman farm was situated two miles from the village and high above it. Parker's Hill stood more than twice as high. Here and there along the pretty country road were openings through the trees, revealing bits of landscape. For views in general the boys did not much care; but they were fond of the village, and when they could see that, they threw themselves down for a little rest and talk.

Naturally their conversation today dwelt most upon the moths which they did not see, and upon the obnoxious cousin.

"Mother and she'll be coming along tomorrow or next day," groaned Robert. "I see our finish. No more such good times as this. She'll have to go, too—and she can't walk far because it'll 'tire her'—and I don't know but that mother'll make us stop our swims because this delicate young thing can't swim."

"I draw the line there," put in Kirk, decidedly. "We won't give up our swims."

"Maybe she can swim," suggested Max, who was of an optimistic temper.

"Swim! Girls can't swim! But she can't be in our Sunday-school class, thank goodness! She'll have to go in some girls' class." This was from Kirk.

"Yes," sighed Robert, with equal relief. "Girls and women haven't any sense of humor. Mother said so herself. I heard her tell father so, though she probably would not own it to us, because she thinks she must always stand up for girls. Now last Sunday why didn't Mrs. Sparrow laugh when I told her what I said to the superintendent?"

"What was it?" inquired Max, eagerly. Max was not old enough to be in the "big boys' class," with Robert and Kirk. They called him the "kid class," though it was a peg above the infant class, and its proper name was the "primary."

"Oh, I asked him what class we should go into, and he said he thought Mrs. Sparrow's. Then he went to speak with Mrs. Sparrow and she turned around and looked at us. I told Kirk she was taking a 'bird's eye view' of us. I didn't see any pun about it till he went to giggling as hard as he could, and explained it. Then, when we got settled I thought Mrs. Sparrow would think it was funny, too. But when I told her about it she just glared at me and looked mad."

"It was funny," declared Max, quite indignant that his brother's wit had not been appreciated. "It was mighty funny. Why do you s'pose she didn't laugh?"

"Why, chumpie—just what I said—she hadn't any sense of humor. Girls and women don't have. This girl won't have. What did mother say her name was?"

"Marianna," Kirk spoke in a tone of deepest dejection.

"Probably at first it was Mary Ann," concluded Robert, pondering deeply. "She thinks 'Marianna' is more elegant. She will change it to 'Maymie' next, or 'Marie,' or 'Maizie.' That's the way they do—girls."

"Yes—and they're so dull," mused Kirk. "Now there was that girl you found the hymn for in church. She had the wrong kind of a book, and she would have been muddling over it to this day if you hadn't helped her out. She couldn't seem to see that she had one of the green books, and the right one was black."

"They aren't all so thick," Robert reminded him, a flicker of justice lighting up his prejudiced mind. "Mother is a daisy to see things quick—and that Anna Bassett has rather beaten out all you fellows in the class, hasn't she?"

"Oh, she!" muttered Kirk, coloring furiously. "She is a year older than the rest of us. The other girls in the class are ninnies, every one of them."

"Well, she just shows what a girl can do," pronounced Robert, with an air of lofty impartiality. "I'm willing to admit that there may be some of them who are not so bad. But this Mary-Ann Julia-Angelina, or whatever her name is, is probably the very worst of the lot."

"I said something funny, too!" cried Max, with sudden recollection. "And my teacher didn't laugh, either. Our lesson was about heaven—and it said the walls were made of kalsomine or something like that, and jasper and agate. And I said, 'Oh, my! what lots of reals we'll have to play with up there!' And she just scowled like anything."

"That's it!" nodded Kirk. "Very likely"—this with an air of profound pity and contempt—"she didn't even know what a 'real' was. Girls know such different things!—things that ain't worth knowing, generally."

Robert did not usually allow bad grammar in the family—but he was just now too dejected to criticize Kirk's "ain't," especially as Max's busy little memory was unearthing forgotten facts in support of his brother's theories regarding girls. There had never before been much occasion to discuss girls in the Curry family.

"Yes—an' there was another thing my teacher didn't laugh at," recollected Max. "They were talking about Tyrian purple. And you know we read about that at home a while ago—so when she asked how it looked, I said 'Red.' And she said, 'Very good. How did you happen to know?' An' I said, 'Oh, I read about it,' an' then I began to laugh, an' so did everybody else, till she said 'That'll do,' and scowled at us something fierce."

"Oh, they don't know a funny thing when they see it," sighed Robert, again.

"This cake's an extra box," remarked Kirk, suddenly, as they rose and began their onward march. "Say we eat it and get rid of it."

"No, you don't!" cried Robert, sternly. "You and Max would have the whole outfit eaten up this minute if you had your way."

"You can talk!" argued Kirk, hotly. "You haven't got so much to carry as we have."

Max joined in, and Robert reluctantly yielded. By the time they had tramped a half mile further, not a crumb was left of the dozen cookies and large half loaf of cake which had filled the cake box.

The cake tasted so good, and as they grew hotter and wearier their burdens began to seem so heavy, that Max timidly suggested that the apples formed a pretty solid weight in their blouses.

Robert frowned.

"You'll want those apples the worst way

when you eat your eggs and your potatoes," he urged.

"Not any worse than we want 'em now," whined Max.

"Right you are," added Kirk, boldly. He took an apple from his blouse and began to munch it. Robert had no idea of having less than his share of each and every department of the lunch, so he took out an apple also.

"I suppose I'll have to eat as many as you do, or else I'll get left," he reflected, bitterly.

"Aw—go 'long!" sniffed Kirk. "You want 'em as much as we do. We can eat two now and save the rest. Pretty soon we'll come to the Icy Spring. Now let's talk about the girl."

"Maybe she'll be nice, now," suggested Max, who had the warmest and tenderest of hearts underneath his freckles and his dear little snub nose. "I think you're kind o' hard on her. I wouldn't wonder now if she might like my hens and my Charcoal."

Max's hens were even more precious to him than his cat. He had none in the city, but he considered the whole Wellman flock as his, and rushed eagerly to see them as soon as he reached the farm each year.

"Oh, you think anybody that likes hens and cats is 'nice'!" scoffed Kirk. "I tell you she will be in the way everywhere we go—this Mary Ann!"

"They is nice girls," insisted Max, defiantly, "and her name ain't Mary Ann—and mother was a girl—and they is nice girls—so there, you Kirk Curry, you!"

"Oh, forget it!" cried Robert. "Here's a dandy place for a catch. Get out your ball, boy. And for pity's sake, don't say 'they is' when you mean 'there are.' Your grammar is always worse in Birchmont than it is anywhere else, because you go so much with the Mellows boy—and he talks nearer Choctaw than he does English. You want to help him to talk better instead of talking worse yourself. Here—you stand over in the corner of those woods!"

And for the next fifteen minutes the boys enjoyed a grand game of ball after rules known only to themselves.

By a half hour more they had reached the spring near the top of the hill, had built their fire, buried their potatoes, cut two crotched sticks and put a pole across them, on which to hang their tin pall. Then for an hour they ranged the woods in the vicinity, returning from time to time to feed their fire. Meanwhile, the eggs and potatoes cooked away merrily.

The potatoes did not get "done." They never did at such times; but the boys scraped off the black and ashy outsides, ate the soft parts and threw away the hard middles. They pronounced the lunch, as a whole, "all right"—only there "wasn't quite enough of it."

It was after five when they came trilling into the Wellman yard, tired and dusty. To their surprise and delight, on the doorstep stood their mother, smiling and with arms outstretched to welcome them; but beside her, smiling too, stood a tall, fair girl, with a long braid of light brown hair hanging down her back. The terrible Marianna had come!

Continued next week

Sure Enough

I just got into an awful fuss,

All on account of our cat.

I cleaned her teef with mamma's toothbrush;

Now what was wicked in that?

—Harper's Magazine.

OUR BOOK TABLE

THE DUTY OF IMPERIAL THINKING; and Other Chapters on Themes Worth While. By William L. Watkinson, D. D., LL. D. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1.

This eminent Wesleyan preacher, in the numerous volumes he has sent forth, has established a high reputation for originality of conception and beauty of expression. He has an incisiveness of utterance and a fertility of illustration seldom seen. He has vision, but is not visionary. He is epigrammatic and magnetic. The present publication shows no letting down or exhaustion of materials. It contains 53 brief essays, or sermons (for each is preceded by a skillfully chosen, unhackneyed text), on a large variety of unusual topics. Some of them are as follows: "The Discipline of the Disagreeable," "Spasmodic Piety," "The Mercy of Mystery," "Defence and Defiance," "Ploughing the Sands," "Faddism in Faith and Character," "Specious Sin," "The Fascination of Difficulty," "The Tyranny of Time."

DREW SERMONS. First Series. Edited by Ezra Squier Tippie. D. D. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, \$1.25, net.

Fifteen of the eminent sons of Drew present specimens of their pulpit work, and exceedingly good they are, as might be expected. There are no poor sermons here, and some are remarkably able. It is not easy, or perhaps proper, to discriminate among so much that is excellent, but we were especially impressed by two discourses near the centre of the book, drawn from the same text, each most admirable in its presentation, but, as will usually happen, quite different in the style of treatment. The text is, "The truth shall make you free" (John 8: 32). The preachers are Dr. Francis Huston Wallace, class of '76, dean of the faculty of theology, Victoria College, University of Toronto, and Dr. Levi Gilbert, class of '77, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Others of the contributors are A. H. Tuttle, S. O. Royal, Herbert Welch, Wallace MacMullen, George C. Peck, Frank P. Parkin, W. J. Thompson, J. W. Magruder. From such men we expect the best, and are not disappointed.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PENTATEUCH: AN Examination of the Results of the Higher Criticism. By Randolph H. McKim, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C. With a Foreword by the Dean of Canterbury. Longmans, Green & Co.: New York. Price, \$1, net.

This little volume is composed of three lectures delivered on the Reinecker Foundation at the Virginia Theological Seminary last December. The title does not accurately express the character of the contents. It is not a dispassionate, judicial survey of the net results from the scholarly and scientific study of the Pentateuch, which it would be so desirable to have. It is a wholly one-sided argument, devoted to showing that the extreme destructive school of Wellhausen and Canon Cheyne and the writers in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*, who leave us almost no Holy Scriptures whatever that anybody can put the smallest confidence in, have not made out their case. He holds, as we all do, that "we need not yet dismiss Abraham from the stage of history, resolve the beautiful story of Joseph into an astral myth, lose from the goodly fellowship of the prophets the majestic figure of Moses," etc. Such a book is well enough in its way, but it does not seem to us to meet a very large need. The church does not seem to us in any special danger of accepting these wild vagaries of the extreme rationalistic school. But it is in some danger of suffering from the blind acceptance of the misleading assurances

which some fanatical conservatives take great pains to spread, that in the discrediting of Wellhausen and Cheyne Higher Criticism is conclusively proved to be wholly from the devil. Many, who ought to know better, seem really to believe this. And the multitude who have no means of knowing better are led astray and plunged into the ditch. Neither Dr. McKim nor Dean Wace, however, can be reckoned among these false guides. The former takes especial pains to "express the conviction that as the work of true criticism is tested by time, and purified in the alembic of a yet ripper and more reverent scholarship, the church will be more and more its debtor." And the latter expresses his "entire acceptance of the duty and the advantage of an unfettered application to the Holy Scriptures of the processes of sound criticism, which are, after all, only the application to the most important of all subjects, of that faculty of reason which we feel bound to apply to all other great problems in life."

SANDPEEP. By Sara E. Boggs. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

The author has woven a fascinating story around the development of a fisher girl of the northeastern coast of Maine, named Sandpeep for short, or more at length, Keren Happuch Brenson. She has succeeded in transferring to her pages the atmosphere of the wild, free life, in which Sandpeep grew to womanhood. Sandpeep's originality, her native wit and serene unconsciousness of her own power, the humor that attends certain characters and scenes, the dramatic situations into which she is brought by her devotion to the city family whom she serves, and the complications of her love story, combine to make a romance of unusual interest. The plot is very well conceived, and the outcome is all that can be desired. The reader comes to be greatly in love with Miss Brenson, as do quite a number of the persons in the book.

THE PRETTY WAYS OF PROVIDENCE. By Mark Guy Pearse. Jennings & Graham: Cincinnati. Price, \$1, net.

Thirteen good stories, mostly Cornish, told by one who knows how, full of quiet humor, and no little religious profit. The one that gives the title to the book contains an especially excellent lesson of humble thankfulness and godly content.

THE PRAYING SKIPPER; and Other Stories. By Ralph D. Peine. The Outlook Publishing Company: New York. Price, \$1.50.

The stories here are seven, all first-class, mostly of the sea, and containing some lessons of heroism and true manliness that it does one good to read. They have been published in some of the best magazines, and are well worthy of more permanent preservation. Intense human interest, deep feeling, great virility, pathos and power, characterize them. An excellent collection.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. By R. A. Torrey. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents, net.

Dr. Torrey, under whose labors so many thousands have come to Christ, aims in this volume to tell the young convert what he needs to know, and does it very well indeed. The chapters take up such topics as "Church Membership," "Companions," "Amusements," "Persecution," "Guidance," etc., and a wonderful amount of good counsel is given. The least successful chapter is on "Difficulties in the Bible." From one so extremely conservative as Dr. Torrey there could hardly come any satisfactory word on that theme. It is he and such as he that play straight into the hands of men of the Ingersoll type and provide them with their whole stock-in-trade by insisting that the book is wholly divine, the infallible, inerrant word of God in every part, and refusing to recognize the

human, temporary element in it. If the latter allowance be made, as the unquestionable facts demand, the difficulties disappear. Without that no proper answer can be made, and resort has to be to dishonest, unworthy evasions, and twistings of meanings, and squirmings, and prevarications. Alas!

CONGREGATIONALISTS: WHO THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY DO. By Theodore P. Prudden. The Pilgrim Press: Boston. Price, 40 cents net, in boards, 25 cents, net in paper.

An admirable manual put in the form of question and answer, exceedingly convenient, accurate, and comprehensive. There is an immense amount of information furnished, gleaned from the most reliable sources and put in very compact form. We learn, among other things, that there are 6,059 Congregational ministers in the United States, of whom only 3,935 are actively engaged in pastoral work, and that 49 per cent. of active Congregational ministers are home missionaries; that only 20 per cent. of the pastors are now installed by council; that the benevolent contributions are more than one quarter as much as the entire parish expenses (a most honorable record), and of this sum over one-third was for other benevolent work than that done through denominational societies. The average salary of Congregational ministers in Massachusetts is \$1,322; in New York, \$1,028; in the whole country, \$874. The churches are mostly small. Only 1,319 have over 150 members, 2,135 have between 50 and 150, while 2,165 have less than 50. The annual per cent. of increase in membership in recent years is 1½; in 1860, it was 1.3; in 1890, 3 per cent.; in 1903, 1.15; in 1904, 2. The growth in Boston of members between 1880 and 1890 was 21 per cent.; between 1890 and 1900 only 9 per cent., while the population increased 25 per cent.; in Worcester for the latter decade, 37 per cent.; New Haven, 15 per cent.; Brooklyn, 18 per cent. — all much below the growth of the population. In the Western cities it was very different.

Magazines

— The June *Century* is emphatically a fiction number, with a large variety of readable short stories. It has, also, two articles of timely value and importance — a discussion of "Why Do the Boys Leave the Farm?" by L. H. Bailey, director of the School of Agriculture, Cornell University, and a full account of "Dry Farming — the West's Hope," by John L. Cowan. Professor Bailey's article is not based upon speculation, but is a summary of the facts and figures given him by a number of Cornell University students in their replies to specific questions as to the reasons influencing them to choose a life work other than farming. Reading of absorbing and vital interest is John L. Cowan's story of the marvelous results possible from scientific soil culture in arid regions without irrigation. He gives in detail the facts on which he bases his claim that this new soil culture makes possible the reclamation of five hundred million acres of land hitherto held worthless. One of the editorials especially pleased us. It is entitled: "The Family, Public Opinion, and Hypocrisy." The recent rejection by America of Maxim Gorky's free love principles and practice, furnishes the text for a very excellent defence of the family, and a vigorous denunciation of that "loathsome hypocrisy which sustains a condition of social affairs whereby a man or woman, inspired by caprice or self-indulgence, may evade solemn obligations and enter easily into new and inviting relations." (Century Company: New York.)

— The *Chautauquan* for June is a Civics Number, with contributions on "Social Settlements," "The Juvenile City League," "Women as a Factor in Civic Improvement," "Public Play-Grounds," "Carnegie Libraries," and other related themes. (Chautauqua Press: Chautauqua, N. Y.)

The Truth about the Mutual Life

THIS is a matter of great interest to the public, and of still greater interest to thousands of individuals. People with the fairest minds—and that means most people—have been disturbed and unsettled by the developments and denunciations of the past few months. What these people want is the truth—the plain unvarnished truth. To give them this truth is the object of this announcement.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company was organized in 1842, the first of its kind in America. In 24 years it had become the largest in the world. For 39 years, in spite of the keenest competition, it has held the lead, passing unharmed through panics, failures, strikes and wars; meeting with promptness its every obligation and having over 470 millions of assets to-day; this being 78 millions in excess of the 392 millions required by law as a reserve fund for paying all the Company's insurance risks, as certified by the New York Insurance Department; and all other legal liabilities.

The recent Insurance agitation was unique. The investigation certainly was thorough. As every one knows the Mutual Life was on the firing line. The smoke has now cleared away. What do we find?

In the first place we find that the Mutual Life is still the largest and staunchest Life Insurance Company in the world. Without defending or the least belittling the abuses and extravagances recently brought to light, everybody should keep in mind the fact that the solvency of this Company has not for a moment been affected thereby. Concerning the work of the finance committee which has been attacked in the press, this Company's auditing committee consisting of Messrs. Truesdale, Auchincloss, Fish and Dixon stated on February 15th, 1906:

"The Committee certify that the investments of the Company are of the highest order and well selected," and "have found the valuation given safe and conservative, in many instances less than the market value and in none in excess of such value."

In the next place, extravagance has been stopped, and those responsible for it have gone; a new management has been installed, and retrenchments have been effected that have already saved vast sums of money and will save much more as time goes on. Legislative reforms have likewise been anticipated, and the Company is now as sound at the circumference as it always has been at the core.

In the next place, the ending of the first quarter presents an excellent opportunity for comparing this year with last.

The amount paid policy holders is \$9,608,436.50, an increase of \$1,070,835.26. The receipts for premiums were \$15,082,484.57, a decrease of \$857,995.29 for the period. This is a shrinkage of less than 5½ per cent. The amount paid for expenses was \$2,935,552.44, a reduction of \$1,547,279.36.

This remarkable showing is a good thing to be kept in mind by everybody—those now insured in the Mutual Life, and those who should be. It cannot be accounted for by the smaller amount of new business written. Of the saving for the quarter, the sum of \$390,961.52 is in items not connected with the obtaining of new business.

In the next place we find that this Company is doing business—more business than any other company in the world with one exception. Far from being paralyzed or demoralized it is forging right ahead. Policies by the hundred are being written each day; honest trustees, keenly alert, are directing its affairs; faithful and experienced men are doing its intricate work; loyal agents are explaining its advantages and discriminating people are obtaining its protection.

In the next place we find that there need be no question as to the future. A policy in the Mutual Life is just as good as gold. No obligation could possibly be better. A bond of the United States Government is no safer. It will, therefore, be a misfortune if any one is misled by the writer who prints for revenue or for notoriety, or by the attorney who is out for his clients, or the competitor who is out for himself, or even by the gentlemen who have organized themselves into committees under an honest misapprehension of the facts. Such incidents may tend to hinder business, but need deter no one who needs insurance.

With economy, which means rapid improvement in regard to earning of surplus for dividends, everywhere at work in the Mutual Life; with its immense size as the basis for moderate general expenses; with smaller liability for renewal commissions to agents than any other company; with the cost of new business limited by law for all Companies, how can any one possibly better provide for the uncertainties of the future than through a policy in the first Insurance Company in America, and the strongest in the world

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York New York

The Mutual Life issues a policy at a notably low rate, which provides most far-reaching protection. Send your address and let us inform you as to the particulars.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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[Lesson III --- July 15]

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

LUKE 10: 25-37.

TIME. — November (probably), A. D. 29.

PLACE. — Uncertain, probably in Perea, "beyond Jordan."

HOME READINGS. — Monday (July 9) — Luke 10: 25-37. Tuesday — Matt. 25: 31-40. Wednesday — Lev. 19: 11-18. Thursday — Mark 12: 28-34. Friday — Rom. 13: 7-10. Saturday — James 2: 1-9. Sunday — 1 John 4: 11-21.

GOLDEN TEXT. — "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." — Matt. 5: 7.

What infinite demand there is for the quality of mercy in human life! For mercy means sympathy, pity, compassion. Look where we will, and we shall see conditions which should awaken in us these sentiments. There are the poor, whose lot in life is hard because of want and ceaseless toil. There are the little children cast in the waste and dark places of the world, whose wan faces and pitiful cries make pathetic appeal to our hearts. There are the sick of many diseases, who suffer and moan and wait in fear or hope the coming of death. There are the weak in body and mind, incapable of holding their own in the struggle of life, unable to keep in its march, jostled aside and trampled upon. There are the unfortunate upon whom disasters have fallen, the defeated, the broken, the crushed. There are the sorrowing, whose eyes are blinded with tears, whose hearts are broken with grief, the fountain of whose joys has been dried up, and whose light has been quenched. And there are the discouraged, whose hands hang down in weakness, the despairing who long for death, the dishonored whose names have been cast out, the prisoners who sit in darkness, the criminal with haunting memories, and the oppressed who bear heavy burdens. These all, and the multitude of others, appeal to our pity and our mercy. He who has open eyes and ears for the misery of the world should have a heart of deep compassion, a spirit of great tenderness. And God's feeling toward human suffering and misfortune should prompt us to be merciful, for He is merciful and infinitely compassionate. The heart of Jesus was marvelously pitiful. Again and again it is recorded that as He looked upon the multitudes, shepherdless and hungry and weary, "He had compassion upon them." In Christ's eyes as He looked upon the distress of people there was never the look of coldness, or indifference and from their appeal for help He never turned away. The sick and the sinful and the poor had always large place in His heart. He bore their sicknesses and carried their sorrows and was touched with a sense of their infirmities.

The Meaning Made Plain

I. The Law (Verses 25-28). — 25. A certain lawyer — called a scribe in Mark 12: 28; a professional interpreter of the Mosaic law and of the rabbinical comments, which were more extensive than the law itself. Stood up —

to begin a discussion. Tempted ["made trial of"] him — sought to test His knowledge of the law and His orthodoxy; but there is no indication here of the bitter hostility mentioned in Luke 11: 54. Master — "Teacher." What shall I do to inherit eternal life? — The same question was afterward asked by "a certain ruler" (Luke 18: 18), and was answered by our Lord's reminder of the Ten Commandments to be kept, and His exhortation to sell all possessions and distribute unto the poor. A similar question was asked by a pagan sinner (Acts 16: 30), and in answer to it Paul declared belief in Jesus to be the condition of salvation. But these three answers are essentially one. The questioner here was probably "not so much a convicted sinner as a theological theorist, eager for an opportunity to air his own views and erudition."

26. What is written in the law? — Precisely the question the lawyer himself would have asked of an inquiring student. How readest thou? — What meaning do you gather from what you read?

27. Answering, the lawyer presented a familiar summary of the law, which Jesus himself gave on another occasion: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind. — Quoted from Deut. 6: 5; compare also Deut. 10: 12. Thou shalt love God with sincerity, as opposed to formality and divided service; with the full emotional nature; with intensity of purpose; and with a love dominated by reason rather than by blind passion. Thy neighbor as thyself — quoted from Lev. 19: 18, and said to have been used as a summary of the law by the famous Hillel. As the Second Great Commandment it is worthy of the kingdom of heaven. (Compare Rom. 13: 9; Gal. 5: 13, 14; James 2: 8.) Without the First Great Commandment, however, it would be self-stultifying, and lead to hopeless anarchy.

28. Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. — This, also, was a familiar formula. (Compare Lev. 18: 5 and Rom. 10: 5.) Deut. 6: 5, from which the lawyer had taken the first clause of this summary, was written in the "phylactery," or box of holy texts, which, according to Jewish custom, he wore on his arm or brow. The modern name for phylacteries is tephillin. Exod. 13: 1-10; Exod. 13: 11-16; Deut. 6: 4-9; and Deut. 11: 18-21, are the four texts each phylactery contained.

II. The Illustration (Verses 29-35). — 29. Willing ["desiring"] to justify himself. — The lawyer desired to appear well before the bystanders, and if the discussion ended here, it would reflect less credit on him than on Jesus. So he said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? — "To whom is the obligation of neighborliness due — to kinsmen, or townsmen, or tribesmen, or to all Jews?" He shares in the almost universal misapprehension that goodness consists in doing things, and expects his moral duties to be tabulated.

30. And Jesus answering ["Jesus made answer"]. — Jesus tells a story to help the lawyer to make his own definition of "my neighbor." A certain man — who is by implication a Jew. Went — "was going." The road "down from Jerusalem to Jericho," about twenty miles long, is a continuous descent through wild ravines, and has always been haunted by robbers. It used to be called the "Bloody Way." Jericho stood on a very famous site. The destruction of the Canaanite city by Joshua, its rebuilding under a curse (Josh. 6: 26; 1 Kings 16: 34), and the residence there of

Elisha, are familiar facts. Just before our Lord's day it had been largely rebuilt by Herod the Great. A little later than this it became the scene of some remarkable events in our Lord's life. Thieves ["robbers"] — brigands. Bedouin assassins sometimes defied even Roman authority along that road. Which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him. — "Who both stripped him and beat him." Departed, leaving him half dead — having a bare chance of continued life if assistance should come in time.

31. By chance — "by a coincidence," or "at the same time." A certain priest. — Many priests had homes in Jericho, from which they went up to the temple for their fortnight of service each year. This priest was on his return home — he "came down." He saw him — saw the "certain man," and, of course, saw his need; but he was probably afraid of the robbers, and shrank also from ceremonial defilement; so he passed by on the other side. — He would not look on the misery he would not relieve. Many in modern days follow his example; and much that is alluded to as good taste or delicate susceptibility is really hardheartedness.

32. Likewise — "in like manner." A Levite, when he was at ["came to"] the place came and looked on him ["and saw him"], and passed by on the other side. — "The cold curiosity of the Levite was even baser than the dainty neglect of the priest. Perhaps the priest had been aware that a Levite was behind him, and left the trouble to him. Perhaps the Levite said to himself that he need not do what the priest had not thought fit to do" (Far-rar).

33. The four actors in this little drama are typical of four classes into which a large portion of mankind naturally fall. The "certain man" represents the needy of all sorts and conditions. The priest was the official representative of God's law and God's church. The Levite was also one of God's avowed servitors, but not so typically authoritative as the priest; he

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"I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking coffee! Why, what will I drink?'"

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may stand as a church member to whom others look for more guidance than he chooses to give. The Samaritan* is a man who would properly be excluded from the church because of incorrect theology and unorthodox practices, but who leaps forward heartily to love a needy neighbor. When he saw him, he had ["was moved with"] compassion. — Not all priests were cold-hearted, and not all Samaritans generous. Jesus had recently experienced unkind treatment from that very people (Luke 9:53). And there is little doubt that as a class they were bigoted and of low moral grade. But the extreme case is employed to make the lesson of the parable more impressive.

34. **Pouring in oil and wine.** — "Wine to search, and oil to supple," says an old commentator. Such was the ancient treatment of flesh wounds (Isa. 1:6; James 5:14). Set him on his own beast. — Both the "passers-by" are likewise to be thought of as having beasts of burden. An inn. — The Greek word implies an inn with a host, not "the khan of the East," which was an open building by the wayside where the traveler found shelter only.

35. **When he departed.** — This clause is omitted from the Revision. He was unable to remain longer, but the sufferer was unfit for removal farther. Two pence ["shillings"]. — The wages of a laborer for two days. The host. — Probably a Greek, for the inn with a host was, presumably, a Greek or Roman importation into Palestine. When I come again I ["I, when I come back again"] will repay thee — implying that he was a man of credit.

III. **The Example (Verses 36, 37).** — 36. Which now [omit "now"] of these three, thinkest thou. — Thus Jesus leads the lawyer to answer his own question. Was ["proved"] neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves ["robbers"]? — By the parable and its closing question Jesus turned the lawyer's inquiry from, "Who is my neighbor?" to, "How shall I find my neighbor?"

37. **He that showed mercy on him.** — The lawyer is unwilling to praise one of the despised race, and so answers by circumlocution, yet answers sufficiently to condemn himself. Go, and do thou likewise. — The lawyer is bidden not to stay questioning about the theory of religion, but to go and practice it. Our Lord's answer to the question was simply this: "Whoever needs your help is your neighbor, whatever may be his race or condition." Some expositors spiritualize the parable, and find in it (or put into it) these mystical meanings: In the traveler Adam, as the representative of fallen, lost humanity; in the robbers, Satan and his angels; in the priest and Levite, the law and the sacrifices unable to save; in the Samaritan, Christ, who redeems us by His own sacrifice of self; and in the host, the ministry of the Gospel left in charge of men's souls. Such "spiritualizing" is to be avoided.]

Nails for the Teacher's Hammer

1. *The lawyer's question implied that the doing of some one thing of great merit might secure eternal life. That was the idea of the young ruler who asked: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" (Luke 18:18.) Jesus, in referring the lawyer and the young ruler alike to the Commandments, intimated that not one thing, but all of the things required by the law, must be done; and that they must be done not*

partially, but perfectly. Which was equivalent to saying that if a man is to save himself, he must live a perfect life. It was not necessary to say anything about sins already committed; for one fallen into sin would soon see how impossible it was for him to keep the law.

2. *The doctrine of salvation through faith and divine grace was not yet made known. It was implied in the system of sacrifices observed, but it was not clearly understood. The righteousness of the law was the prevailing conception. Men hoped to be saved by their good deeds, and fancied that certain extraordinary merits might compensate for other shortcomings. Salvation by faith could not be preached even by Christ himself until His redemptive work was completed in His death and resurrection. After that, when the jailer at Philippi asked Paul, "What must I do to be saved?" the answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16:30, 31). So Peter also answered on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2:37, 38). But some great things had happened since the lawyer's question to Jesus.*

3. *The lawyer sought to obscure a duty that he felt he was not fulfilling. "Love my neighbor as myself? Yes, but how can I tell who is my neighbor?" In reply, Jesus pointed to a man standing at the longest remove from the lawyer's sympathy. The last man in the world a Jewish rabbi would acknowledge as his neighbor was a Samaritan. But Jesus declared that the Samaritan was his neighbor. It must be observed that Jesus did not seek to make the duty easy, but difficult. Nothing could have been harder than this requirement upon a Jew that he should love a Samaritan as himself. But Jesus never made duty seem easy, because duty is not easy. To the young ruler who came asking what he should do, he proposed a task of staggering difficulty. "Go, and sell all that thou hast." Duty requires not things of moderate difficulty, but of the greatest difficulty.*

4. *The examples of the priest and the Levite show the hollowness of a religion that is without humanity. The priest and the Levite were probably returning from their duties in the temple at Jerusalem, and very likely regarded themselves as particularly pious. But their religion was vain. Read James 2:15, 16, and 1 John 3:16, 17. A sound creed should include as one of its articles, "I believe in ministering to the needy." It will be in vain that we hold any theory of the inspiration of the Bible and fail to keep the commandment, "Bear ye one another's burdens." It will count for nothing to believe in the deity of Jesus if we fail to have that mind that was in Him that caused Him to have compassion for the distressed.*

5. *The Christian religion is characterized by the spirit of philanthropy and benevolence. It is the only religion in the world that has developed compassion for suffering. As far short as the Christian Church falls of doing all that it should in benevolent work, it is back of about all such work that is being done in the world. And this spirit of Christianity appears not simply in benevolent institutions, but in the personal charities and ministries of individual Christian men and women. Good Samaritans may be found in every community, and the spirit of the Samaritan has diffused itself through the whole life of Christian society.*

AN URGENT DUTY

BISHOP J. M. THOBURN.

FROM many sources complaints reach those in charge that the date selected for the India Jubilee collection was an unfortunate one, and that, in consequence, very many of our pastors failed to give their people an opportunity to contribute to the cause. It is useless now to explain why and how the date of May 13 was selected, but it is by no means too late to correct a mistake of this kind. A very large number of our pastors failed to take this collection for other reasons, and some of these have intimated their purpose to do so in the early future. I write these lines to urge every pastor throughout the church to give his people opportunity to express their gratitude to God and their appreciation of

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our work in Southern Asia by laying a gift, however large or small, upon God's altar. I fear that many pastors have omitted this through lack of thought or neglect. In doing so they have failed to observe the request of the General Conference, the General Missionary Committee, the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, and a hundred appeals that have come from the ends of the earth. With all the earnestness I am capable of feeling or expressing, I beg every pastor to give his people a chance. The great calamity at San Francisco came at a most inopportune time for the Jubilee collection; but ample time has elapsed since to put this difficulty out of sight. Dear brethren, do not delay this duty longer; do not be responsible for preventing your people from helping God's work in Southern Asia.

One of the old fashioned "samplers," of the kind made by our great-grandmothers, contained this rather startling piece of verse:

"Oh, may Thy power, Lord,
Inspire a humble worm
To rush into Thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm."

It is true that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, but the metaphor of worms on the firing line is sufficiently impossible to make all but our great-grandmothers smile.

The *Churchman* calls attention to the important fact that "Temperance reform of the most drastic sort is proposed in the Sunday Closing Bill for Ireland, which has passed a second reading in the House of Commons, the Irish members being almost equally divided on the subject. The measure provides that all public houses throughout Ireland shall be closed from nine o'clock Saturday evening till Monday morning."

* The Samaritans, sprung from the mixed races introduced into central Palestine after the captivity of the Ten Tribes, recognized the authority of the Pentateuch, but discarded the rest of the Old Testament, and established on Mount Gerizim a temple rival to that of Jerusalem. The hatred of Samaritans and Jews for each other was proverbial.

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PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

The Grace of Brotherly Love

Sunday, July 15

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- July 9. The bond of unity. John 17: 21-23.
 July 10. The teaching of the new life. 1 Thess. 4: 9-10.
 July 11. A proof of the new life. 1 John 3: 14: 1 Pet. 1: 22.
 July 12. A demonstration of discipleship. John 13: 35.
 July 13. A benediction upon brotherly love. Psa. 133: 1-3.
 July 14. Brotherly love puts the other first. Rom. 12: 10.
 July 15. Topic—The Grace of Brotherly Love. John 13: 34; Heb. 13: 1.

"Are we not creatures of one Hand Divine,
 Formed in one mold, to one redemption born,
 Kindred alike, where'er our skies may shine,
 Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn?"

Foundation Stones

Truly, brotherly love is a grace bestowed upon man from above. In its richest manifestation it is not merely natural, but supernatural. It is divine love incarnate in human lives. The basis on which it rests is solid and permanent.

1. It is an expression of the Christ conception. He is in the heart from which this grace goes out to bless brother-men.

2. It recognizes a debt of obligation. Since Christ has done so much for me, I must, in turn, show a brother's kindness to all others.

3. Our Saviour feared not the results of identifying Himself with the lowliest. Therefore should we be courageous in the face of all caste oppositions.

4. Our Christ was a brother to all men, no matter how much they abused and hated Him. Therefore we should be forgiving, and show right spirit toward the worst of our fellow-beings.

5. Our Lord exalted not Himself in any of His labors of love. Therefore we may well be humble, and shrink not from contact with the lowly and even debased.

Quack Bridge

A millionaire and his coachman were upset in the snow by a high-spirited horse taking fright. They struggled to their feet and started in pursuit of the swift running steed, which had already done so much mischief. Just ahead they saw him strike a poor peddler and knock him into a heap. The rich man uttered a cry of dismay, quickly dismissed all thought of his valuable trotter, and lifted the bloodstained head of the poor peddler tenderly in his arms. With his own hands he assisted in carrying the injured man into a near-by fashionable hotel, and called a physician. Later he secured for him a nice room in a hospital, and gave orders that the very best care be given him. When a reporter called, the injured peddler exclaimed: "A millionaire, is he? Well, all I can say is he's the whitest man I ever seen in my life. Why, he went down on my marrow bones in the snow along side me, an' took my head on his knee same as if I was his brother, an' it all bleeding, too!" How great and beautiful is the power of brotherhood! There is no quack way of bridging the chasm between the extremes of society. Brotherly love alone can do it.

The Love Road

1. This is the well-beaten track of social and personal salvation.
2. We are all heavily in debt. Only Infinite Love can cancel the debt.
3. Each one of every rank, alike, needs divine grace.
4. Such generosity ought to awaken gratitude in every heart and deepen the sense of brotherhood.
5. True gratitude cannot exist without love, which is its warmest glow.

6. Gratitude and love to God inspire sympathy and the spirit of good will toward all fellow beings.

The Emphasis

In our day it falls with weightier force than ever before upon brotherliness. Men who ignore it and trample upon it are denounced and held up to ridicule and contempt in the powerful press of our day. The trend of public opinion and sentiment is toward a truer recognition and practice of the brotherly grace. Much of President Roosevelt's deserved popularity is due to his spirit of fairness and kindness toward the people of all grades. Let every Epworthian do all he can to promote this noble spirit!

Norwich, Conn.

COMMENCEMENTS

Tilton Seminary

The 31st annual Commencement of Tilton Seminary was distinguished from all the school's preceding Commencement seasons by the size of the graduating class and the opening of the new gymnasium. Before this year, the average number of graduates in a class has been about 16, and the largest class has numbered 33; but the class of 1906, with 54 students receiving diplomas, makes a new record for the school. Throughout their course these students have looked forward to the time when the school should have an adequate gymnasium. During the last two years they have seen one in the process of construction; and, at the end of their days in school, they had the satisfaction of seeing the building erected and opened.

The gymnasium was opened to the students for the first time at the senior banquet. Two hundred guests, easily accommodated, saw the superiority of the main hall to any other hall in the school. Flags and blue and white streamers draped along the running track and suspended from the trusses overhead, added to the beauty of the place. In the seniors' after-dinner speeches on topics of local interest, wholesome fun abounded. The singing of familiar tunes to which new words had been set for the occasion received great praise because of the unusual number and the merit of some of the songs.

The Commencement sermon, preached by Rev. John Reid Shannon, D. D., of Malden, Mass., was a model address for such an occasion. At no time did he forget the limited range of comprehension of his least educated hearers, yet at all times the aptness of his illustrations and felicity of his diction showed the scholar and delighted the most critical listener. "Temptation and Prayer," he took for his subject: the inevitableness and importance of temptation; prayer as the one unfailing resource of temptable humanity.

At the vesper service, where Dr. Shannon spoke again, the main address was made by Rev. D. C. Knowles. During the evening, "The Golden Door," a lyric written by the late Frederic Lawrence Knowles, and recently set to music, was rendered as a contralto solo.

Rev. Silas E. Quimby, of Derry, a former president of the school, conducted the closing chapel exercises, and a former instructor, Prof. Wm. F. Gibson, served as pianist. Rev. Wm. Ramsden reported for the Conference visitors, and Dr. Knowles also spoke briefly. During the awarding of prizes, Mrs. P. H. Hadley, in giving for the first time a prize in memory of her son, Ralph, who died at the Seminary while in his first year, while studying with the class now graduating, made a short address. The awards for excellence in studies were made as follows: in chemistry, Hugh F. Lovering, Lowell, Mass.; in English literature and Latin, Susie E. Eastman, Hanover, N. H.; in mathematics, R. S. Kimball, Nashua, N. H.; in elocution, Ida Broomhead, of Fall River, Mass., and Emma M. Ladd, of Richmond Hill, L. I.

The trustees, at their annual meeting, received the resignation of one of their own number, Rev. W. H. Hutchin, of Delaware, and passed resolutions on the death within a year of two others—B. F. Cass and Rev. C. U. Dunning. The resignations of Miss Mary L. Connell, for three years teacher of vocal culture, and of Miss Anne G. Towle, for five years teacher of history and mathematics, were also received with regret. A chair of history was established, and Arion T. Adams, of Great Barrington, Mass., a Wesleyan graduate, elected instructor. Miss Connell will be

succeeded by Miss Marguerite Beard, of Cambridge, a graduate of Radcliffe, who has studied music at Harvard and in Boston.

The innovation for Class Day exercises was the use of the campus instead of the chapel for the delivery of the parts. The terrace at the east of the main entrance furnished a suitable platform for the graduating class, while the level ground below accommodated the under classmen and friends. Any one familiar with the school can imagine the beauty of the natural auditorium, partly shut in by the old elms and ivied walls. The class orator, Ralph D. Abercrombie, of Lawrence, Mass., deserves special mention for the appropriateness and earnestness in his discussion of "Theodore Roosevelt, the Ideal Citizen."

A music recital by Miss Lillian E. Dorion, a graduate this year in the music course; an art exhibition, including especially several works by a last year's graduate who this year has been winning prizes at an advanced art school; a prize-speaking contest; and, in many ways most successful of all, a production of scenes from "She Stoops to Conquer," displayed various kinds of school activity and won warm encomiums both for pupils and their teachers.

The Commencement exercises included orations on eight subjects: "Ship Subsidies," "The Grange," "Should the Chinese be Excluded?" "New England Character as Depicted in the Poems of Holman F. Day," "What John Hay Owed to Abraham Lincoln," "Summer Camps for Boys," "Roman and American Ideals of Womanhood," and "Safety on American Railways." The discussion of Holman Day's delineation of New England character won first prize, the oration on "Summer Camps for Boys," second. The prizes went to Miss Helen M. Bean, of Belmont, N. H., and Everett L. Farnsworth, of South Framingham, Mass. After remarks by Hon. James O. Lyford, naval officer of the port of Boston, who complimented the speakers on their having chosen subjects of present interest and having treated them well, the diplomas and Harold M. Durrell medals for excellence in general scholarship were conferred—the gold medal to Susie E. Eastman, of Hanover, N. H., the silver medal to Margaret E. Walker, of Tilton.

With the new gymnasium for a dining hall, an alumni luncheon—such as the school has not been able to hold for several years for want of adequate facilities—followed the graduation exercises. After the luncheon itself, during

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which Nevers' orchestra furnished music. Principal Plimpton introduced Prof. Selon I. Bailey (77), of Harvard College, as toastmaster. The following responded to toasts: Dr. Ira E. Chase, of Haverhill; Rev. G. M. Curi, presiding elder of Concord District; Mrs. N. P. Philbrook, of the first class to graduate from the Seminary; Judge W. B. Fellows, of Tilton; Senator G. A. Bartlett, of Sunapee; Dr. Dearborn, of Dover; Robert L. Pierce, of the undergraduates; Rev. J. M. Durrell, field agent; and Dr. D. C. Knowles. The burden in all the speeches was gratitude for what the school has received and given in the past, with emphasis on the needs for the immediate future. Resolutions were passed thanking the architect, F. H. Lovering, of New York, for contributing his services in planning the gymnasium; sending greetings to Rev. R. S. Rust, D. D., of Cincinnati, a former president of the school; and expressing appreciation of the character and work of Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

The exercises of the season ended with the Commencement concert by the Weber Male Quartet, followed by promenades in the gymnasium.

The success of the various exercises must be accredited largely to the members of the graduating class for the thoroughness with which they had prepared themselves for their parts. Great praise also belongs to the undergraduates, whose executive ability appeared in their management of the arduous tasks falling to them. Townspeople, as well as alumni, showed their appreciation of the school by attending in large numbers. This loyalty of all, students, alumni, and even townspeople, not only made possible a happy Commencement, but justifies hopefulness for the future prosperity of Tilton Seminary.

Wilbraham Academy

With the Commencement exercises of the last week the 89th year of Wesleyan was formally closed. The year's program was the most uniformly satisfactory that has been given during many Commencements. The 80th anniversary of Old Club Society served to bring back many of the alumni. The exercises opened on Saturday evening with the Principal's reception, at which about one hundred of the alumni, trustees, parents, and friends were present. One of the most helpful occasions of the week was the alumni prayer-meeting on Sunday morning led by Dr. Newhall. It served to recall to the minds of those present the many helpful hours which they had spent at such services and the renewal of purpose which had prompted them to action. At 10:30 the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Franklin Hamilton, Ph. D., of Boston. The speaker took his text from Acts 17:18, "And certain of the philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him. And some said, What will this babbling say? Other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods; because he preached

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unto them Jesus and the resurrection." The theme was, "The False and the True Culture."

At 7:45 in the evening Rev. W. C. Gordon, of Westfield, of the class of '84, preached the alumni sermon. His theme was the question: "What hast thou done?" (Gen. 4:10) He turned somewhat to reminiscence.

On Monday, the 18th, in spite of threatening weather, a large audience gathered on the campus to listen to the Class Day exercises. The program was of unusual excellence, although the class itself numbered less than in former years. On Monday and Tuesday evenings the two prize declamation contests for the Brewer and Bond prizes gave evidence of careful study and thorough drill. The prizes, together with those in other departments, were awarded at the last chapel exercises on Wednesday morning by Rev. Charles A. Littlefield, of Lynn. On Wednesday afternoon Old Club held its anniversary exercises, with Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, as the orator of the day. Dr. Conwell happily chose the theme of "Oratory" for his address.

On Wednesday evening, under the direction of Miss Ellsbree, the students of the musical department gave a highly artistic and entertaining vocal and instrumental concert.

The final exercises of the week took place in the Memorial Church on Thursday morning, when Rev. William F. Anderson, corresponding secretary of the Board of Education, delivered the address before the graduating class. Dr. Anderson spoke on the "Perpetual Triumph of Life."

After the address, Dr. Newhall conferred the diplomas upon a class of fourteen from the academic departments, and a class of ten from the commercial school.

The anniversary dinner closed the exercises of the week. The special interest of the trustees in the future welfare of the school, together with the hearty cooperation of students and alumni, promises greater things in the year to come than have been in the year that has just closed. The appeal to make the old school a new school without a rival in opportunity will find a definite response from all those who truly love their Alma Mater.

Report of Board of Visitors

The Board of Conference Visitors has visited Wilbraham Academy, and is glad to report the school property in fine condition. The farm of 250 acres is a most attractive one. Beautiful lawns with blooming flowers, tennis courts, shade trees, meadows, orchards, fields of growing vegetables and living fountains of pure water, characterize the farm. In the midst of this fine farm of hill and dale and orchard and meadow is located Wilbraham Academy. The products of the farm—fresh milk, cream, eggs, vegetables, berries, fruits, etc., in season—are used on the table in the Academy dining room. Pure spring water from the living fountains is piped to all the buildings. The equipment of the Academy is equal to high-grade work. The gymnasium is especially worthy of commendation. It is one of the best gymnasiums to be found in all Methodism. The care given to the students and the efforts for their physical, mental and moral training are painstaking and worthy of the highest commendation. The location of the Academy cannot be surpassed. The beauty of nature with which it is surrounded is a perpetual challenge to nature study and to the development of the imagination. Wilbraham ought to especially commend the careful consideration of all students with a literary bent of mind.

The faculty is self-sacrificing, and is doing work of a high order. The public exercises of Commencement week demonstrated beyond a doubt the skillful and painstaking instruction the participants had received.

We most heartily commend the Academy to the careful consideration and patronage of the young people of New England; and especially to the parents who desire to place their sons and daughters in a first-class school of high grade where they will have the inspiration of nature, the best of moral and intellectual train-

ing, and breathe a religious atmosphere that is sweet and uplifting.

Nowhere are the forces that make for character better united than in Wilbraham Academy.

Respectfully submitted:

S. M. DICK
J. W. STEPHAN } Conference Visitors.
W. I. SHATTUCK }

THE CONFERENCES

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Albans District

W. F. M. S.—The twelfth annual meeting of the St. Albans District Association, W. F. M. S., was held in the beautiful village of Johnson, Vt., June 14. The weather was ideal, and an unusually large number of officers, delegates and visitors were present. The auxiliary of Johnson, under its efficient president, Miss Ida Barton, displayed most generous hospitality in the provision made for the pleasure and comfort of its guests. The program, which was a full one, was carried out without a break. The various reports were encouraging, and showed that some advance had been made in all lines of work. One new auxiliary had been organized at Morrisville with fourteen members; also new King's Herald bands were reported.

A somewhat novel feature of the afternoon program was the illustration of the auxiliary meeting as it should not be, and also the up-to-date meeting, in charge of Mrs. E. J. Parmelee, of Enosburg Falls. In the "Workers' Palaver" topics of importance were considered. The children contributed their part in the "Mite-box Convention."

An able resume of the study of Africa was given in the evening by Miss Cedelia Lawrence, of West Enosburg, after which Miss Ella E. Glover, of Ch'angli, China, gave an address. The audience listened with closest attention as

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she related incident after incident in connection with her work, and all felt the convention to be extremely fortunate in having this missionary so recently returned from her field of labor.

Some noteworthy points were — the presence and helpfulness of two new officers, Miss Luna Pomeroy, Conference secretary of young people's work, and Miss Marion L. Collins, district superintendent of children's work; the words of greeting from the clergymen of the town, and also from representatives of the Baptist and Congregational Woman's Boards; twenty new subscriptions to the *Children's Missionary Friend*; a fair sale of literature; the collection of \$10 to make Mark Guy Pierce, the infant son of the pastor, a life member of the society; the spirit of hopefulness that seemed to pervade the meeting, and the loving consecration of all present.

The officers were re-elected as follows: President, Mrs. C. S. Nutter, St. Albans; vice president, Mrs. F. E. White, Enosburg Falls; recording secretary, Mrs. J. O. Corliss, Swanton; treasurer, Mrs. A. M. Aseltine, Enosburg Falls; superintendent of children's work, Miss Marion L. Collins, St. Albans. Mrs. J. M. Jeffords, Enosburg Falls, is the efficient district corresponding secretary. S. L. N.

Montpelier District

The presiding elder is now on his annual vacation, holding a couple of conferences each day, and about three preaching services on Sunday, with baptisms and communions as extras. It is all restful to tired nerves!

It has become the custom for scribes to "observe," and I now rise to remark that the present letter is being written on one of the most remarkable railroads in the land. It runs through one of the most beautiful sections of southern Vermont for a distance of thirty-six miles. The total distance covered is made in an even four hours. Some passengers who have gently remonstrated with the conductor for running at so reckless a speed have been informed that if they are unwilling to tear along at such a breakneck rate they will be given permission to walk, after having surrendered their tickets. It is supposed that the train schedule is arranged for the accommodation of the passengers with the purpose of exhibiting as much as possible of the scenery of the section. A passenger may, if he can maintain his seat, view every point of the compass, not mentioning the zenith and nadir. He simply looks straight ahead. The curves and grades do the rest. The car accommodations are of the best and such as conduce to the leading of the simple life. A calendar is suspended from a single tack on the end of the car, and being free to

swing, informs the passengers when the car is right side up. As this road extends no favors to the writer, he is compelled to omit the name, lest he be accused of graft.

Brattleboro. — Rev. A. H. Webb has been in unusual demand for special services right at home. Since Conference he has preached to a houseful of Odd Fellows and again to the Woodmen, and had the Memorial sermon. No formal charges or complaints have been lodged against him on account of any of these services. The spiritual tide of the church is reported as on the rise; and that is saying much, for here we have a church able to sustain splendid social meetings.

Putney and Brookline. — The people are quite content to be ministered to by Rev. Allen Charlton, who, with his splendid wife, came to this field with little experience, but much determination to be of service. For three weeks the church at Putney has been closed on account of an epidemic of diphtheria. Here our own people stand by the work well and accomplish much. At Brookline there is chance for improvement.

Athens and Cambridgeport have a new pastor who, with his little family, is comfortably provided for and enjoying the work and being greatly appreciated by the people. To say there are no Christians here would proclaim one's ignorance, or worse.

Williamsville. — Nestled up among the hills was found another company of the people called Methodists. Under the faithful work of Rev. J. C. Hazelton and his zealous wife the charge made a commendable showing last year. Plans for continuing the good work are not wanting for this year. Here lives John Merrifield, an honored steward of our church. In the recent convention for nomination of State officers he was a prominent candidate for lieutenant governor. John did not ask for a vote nor ask any one to work for him; he was not the machine candidate; but he gave the other fellows no end of uneasiness, and came near winning out. The common folks would have been immensely pleased to have seen him win, but he bears his defeat splendidly, saying that offices and such things are not ends of life, but only incidents, and being greatly pleased at the "quantity and quality" of the support given him.

The echo of a certain political convention is still in the air. One candidate after his nomination is reported as having cast aspersions on the motives of President Roosevelt. It has been hot about the ears ever since, and that man has learned that the common people are with the President, and not voting for canned ham. More than one person was heard to say that had the speech been delivered before the voting, there would have been another outcome in the case.

Claremont Junction. — An afternoon was spent at Claremont Junction planning for the camp meeting, Aug. 13-26. A large number of the cottages are already occupied, and the outlook for a good attendance is bright. Better plan to come this year!

Northfield. — The work is in good shape. Good congregations are reported both morning and evening, with a large number of men in attendance. The conference voted to proceed to the erection of a barn on the lot in the rear of the parsonage, and elected a committee for the same. One of our honored stewards at West Berlin, Mr. Strong, passed suddenly away just before our visit. Our church work here is in good shape, with bills paid and good attendance at the services. New Hymnals are to be provided for use in this church.

Montpelier was the centre of attraction, with two political conventions and Commencement at the Seminary. The conventions were side-shows, and they need no comment. The exercises at the Seminary were of a high order. A large class was graduated, and the outlook for the coming year is bright. Only three changes are to be made in the faculty, and progress is being made on the endowment. No question now about the future of our school. The Commencement sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. T. P. Frost, and was highly spoken of by many. Rev. W. B. Dukeshire went to St. Johnsbury to exchange on that Sunday, but at Wells River laid in a stock of Chicago canned goods which were too much for him, and for nearly a week

he was off duty. The church work is going nicely.

Personal. — The many friends of Mrs. Lewis Moody will be sorry to know that at this writing she is in a hospital at Burlington to undergo a serious operation. We hope it will be entirely successful. W. M. N.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Contooscook. — This society reluctantly consented to the removal of their old pastor, Rev. Mark Tisdale, for the sake of better school advantages for his children. The new man, Rev. A. W. Frye, received a hearty welcome, and finds himself among friends, loyal to Christ and His church. A railroad accident shook up some of the official members, and kept them from the quarterly conference. The gospel train, however, had no collision. Matters are running smoothly.

Webster. — Seven miles away from Contooscook is an afternoon appointment of the pastor. The first quarterly conference was held on a week-day afternoon. The rain, which had been falling for three days, was no respecter of persons. Nevertheless, the weather did not dampen the ardor of the people. A good number were in attendance at the conference, and the Lord's business was carefully looked into. The officials were reminded that the church building sadly needed reshingling. The Ladies' Aid have nearly enough funds on hand to purchase the materials. Some years ago the preacher in the old church woke up a colony of bees, in the midst of his sermon. He has a lively remembrance of the event even at this day.

Antrim. — Antrim Methodism has had a long list of worthy pastors. Possibly the spirit of the church may have had much to do with the spirit of its ministers, and fortunate is the man appointed by the Bishop to serve such a people. At the old Wilmot Camp-ground the Antrim tent was crowded; a shout in the campground was not unheard of. At Claremont Junction, in the early days of the camp-meeting, this society was very much in evidence. Antrim today has a beautiful church, an excellent parsonage, and a harmonious people. Rev. E. S. Collier is doing good work. EMERSON.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Providence District

Hanover. — The members of the Old Colony Circuit League were the guests of Church Hill chapter of the Epworth League on Monday evening, June 11. Delegations from the various Leagues in the circuit to the number of about 125 were present. After the opening numbers on the program, Rev. George G. Scrivener, of East Weymouth, gave a brief but helpful address, giving a delineation of the character of David, and presenting suggestive parallels for the lives of our young people of today. Rosettes bearing the name and address of the party wearing them were attached to each person, and the inspection of these and consequent acquaintance with the wearer proved a pleasing feature of the social hour, as was also the lunch served by the entertaining League. *

Brockton and Vicinity

Stoughton. — During the summer months the regular evening service and the Epworth League prayer meeting will be consolidated. The League has \$50 in the treasury and all bills paid. Rev. E. M. Ames is pastor.

East Weymouth. — Miss Blanche Baker spoke in this church, May 27, in the interest of the Providence Deaconess Home. In the afternoon of that day the house was packed at the G. A. R. memorial service. An orchestra of 25 pieces

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furnished the music. Dr. W. H. Pratt acted as conductor and chorister. In this church \$50 has been raised for San Francisco.

Cochesett.—The annual meetings of the Ladies' Aid Society and of the Epworth League occurred early in June. Both of these organizations are very successful here. "Mother" Townsend left the Ladies' Aid \$25, and also made provision whereby \$700 of her estate, at the death of her daughter Julia, shall go to the Cochesett church. Rev. W. B. Heath is the active and efficient pastor of this pleasant people.

Holbrook.—The reception to the pastor after Conference took the form of a liberal donation of groceries. A very happy Children's Day was enjoyed by this church. The pastor, Rev. O. J. Aldrich, will take his vacation early in July with his father, a member of the East Maine Conference.

East Braintree.—On Wednesday evening, May 9, Miller Chapter of the Epworth League connected with this church observed its ninth anniversary. The speaker, Mr. George W. Penniman, of Campello, was closely followed as he gave to his hearers the "Fourfold Purpose of the Epworth League." With bright and suggestive illustrations and intense earnestness, Mr. Penniman emphasized the work of the League and the need for workers, also the necessity of preparation for service. The closing number of the program was the welcoming of the pastor, Rev. W. H. Bath, to the town and his new field of work, the welcome being extended by Rev. R. H. Cochrane, pastor of the neighboring Congregational Church. A social hour concluded the evening, during which refreshments were served. The guests of the evening were the members of the Leagues comprising the Old Colony Circuit League and the local young people's societies. Plans are nearly completed for the holding of a union Sunday school picnic on July 6, some six or eight Sunday-schools of the neighboring towns participating.

North Easton.—The new Conference year opens pleasantly, with the reception given the pastor, Rev. W. Lenoir Hood, and his sister, Miss Minnie C. Hood, at the church assembly rooms. The appreciation was shown by the pastor and his sister inviting to the parsonage all the members and friends of the church. The parsonage, with its new furnishings and new arrangements, makes a very comfortable home. Ladies of the Aid Society assisted in receiving and serving dainty refreshments. The baccalaureate sermon in honor of the graduating class of the high school, was given by the pastor at the Methodist Episcopal Church, June 17. This was the first time such a service has been held in honor of a graduating class. The Grand Army of the Republic will hold a special

patriotic service, the Sabbath preceding the Glorious Fourth, in this church. The theme is "Loyalty."

Middleboro.—Individual cups were used for the first time at the May communion. They are the gift of the King's Daughters. New oak collection plates were also used on the same day—the gift of the Junior King's Daughters. A new, energetic Epworth League cabinet has been installed. Some improvements in the parsonage are being made. Great loyalty is shown to the class meetings, especially by the young people. Mr. Frank M. Sherman is the class leader. He is threescore and ten, but has a splendid grip on life and on God. May brought a monster basket of good things to the parsonage. The Sunday night crowds still continue. The first quarterly conference increased the estimate of the pastor's salary \$200, making the total estimate \$1,200, and house. It's "the old-time religion" that they are having in Middleboro.

A meeting of district stewards of Methodist churches in New Bedford District was held in Middleboro May 29. Delegates from twenty one churches were present. The meeting organized with Rev. W. I. Ward as chairman, and H. L. Chipman, secretary. Apportionments were made for the salary of the presiding elder, and for the portion which shall go to the Bishop. At the morning session, G. W. Paine, of New Bedford, was the speaker. A dinner was served at noon, and "Our Church Militant, Can we Win?" was discussed in the afternoon, with the opening address by Rev. W. I. Ward, and further remarks by Job Gardner, of South Somerset, A. F. Raymond, of New Bedford, G. W. Paine, of New Bedford, A. F. Lane, of Marion, and Levi Crowell, of West Dennis.

L. B. C.

Worwich District

New London.—Soon after Conference a reception was given the pastor, Rev. W. P. Buck, and family in the church parlors. The number present was very large, and the words of welcome were most cordial. Several pastors of the city churches were present and made brief remarks, which were decidedly fraternal in their character. A musical and literary program was a very enjoyable feature of the occasion. Refreshments were served. At a little later date Mr. and Mrs. Buck gave the church and congregation a reception in the new parsonage which had been finished just in time for occupancy by the new pastor on his arrival. It is an unusually fine building, large, commodious and convenient in its appointments, very substantial, and may almost be said to be a model residence for the home of the pastor and his wife and five wide-awake boys. Probably there is no superior parsonage in the Conference. The staircase in the hall is of oak with carved panels on the outside and carved balusters and solid oak stairs. All the floors are of hard wood, and therefore rugs big and little are everywhere in evidence. Mr. and Mrs. Buck were assisted in receiving by the president of the board of trustees, the superintendent of the Sunday-school and his wife, and the presidents of the various societies of the church. The whole house was thrown open for inspection, and light refreshments were served during the evening in the dining room. A mandolin club rendered music at intervals from their station in the reception hall. Piano duets were also rendered. The large edifice was crowded with a happy company who rejoiced over the completion and furnishing of their beautiful manse. During the evening about 350 persons came and went. The new pastor finds here a very large field, a wide-awake church, and a splendid opportunity for a useful and successful pastorate. His reception by the church and congregation is all that could be desired, while his preaching and pastoral work are giving eminent satisfaction. The many friends of this family will regret to learn that Master Walter, the oldest son, has been very ill during the past two or three weeks. We believe, however, that he is now slowly improving.

X Y Z.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Allston.—The summer has no terror for this church. It is enjoying a period of prosperity. Under the inspiration of the pastor, Rev. J. Frank Chase, the Epworth League has recently

instituted an open-air gospel service at Oak Square, Brighton, a community about two miles from this church. This has so revived the evening gospel service that conversions are blessing it, crowds are coming out, and accessions to the church's membership are resulting. The Epworth League has requested the pastor to start a Bible class on Friday nights at 8.30 after prayer-meeting. This is resulting in increased attendance at the latter. On Children's Sunday 16 little ones were baptized as the result of a sermon calling the parents' attention to their duty in this respect.

Cambridge District

West Fitchburg.—There was great rejoicing at the church in West Fitchburg when the mortgage on the edifice was burned on Sunday evening, July 1. Rev. James H. Stubbs, the pastor, has done most faithful and successful work in extinguishing the indebtedness upon this church, and deserves highest commendation.

Wellesley Hills.—On June 23, Elizabeth, widow of the late Cyrus Washburn, died, aged 84 years. The funeral occurred at East Weymouth, on Saturday, Rev. S. L. Gracey, D. D., an old friend of the family, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn were long identified with the East Weymouth church and were actively interested in Methodist work for a great many years. They were readers of the HERALD for more than a half century.

Lynn District

Lynn.—Rev. Alonzo Sanderson writes: "It is a great pleasure to report good things from the churches in Lynn and vicinity. Not for many years have our teachers been better supplied with faithful pastors, or the people more happy in their work and their relations to their preachers and to each other. Our new pastors at Boston St. and South St., Rev. W. W. Bowers and Rev. J. M. Shepler, are winning golden opinions in all directions. Rev. G. R. Grose at First Church, greatly beloved by all, is having continued favor and prosperity and building this great church up, making his influence felt throughout the city. Rev. Charles Tilton, at St. Paul's, has the hearts of his people. Peace and prosperity abound. Rev. F. T. Pomeroy, at Maple St., is having a very happy and successful year. Rev. G. W. Stansfield, at Broadway, Wyoma, is not a whit behind his brethren in his inviting and growing field. Rev. John Mason, at Trinity, is having one of the most prosperous and joyful pastorates of his ministry. Happy preacher and people! Rev. G. H. McCrea at Lakeside and Rev. C. L. Peterson at St. Luke's are doing excellent work. Rev. Mr. Saxman, of the Highlands, a young man from the School of Theology of Boston University, of much promise, is doing faithful work both as preacher and pastor. Rev. James A. Elliott, of Dorr Memorial, Lynnhurst, a local preacher, is now in the tenth year of a successful pastorate, and greatly beloved by all his people. Our Swampscott people are much pleased with Rev. C. S. Otto, and he with them. Rev. Elihu Grant at East Saugus, and Rev. Wm. Full at Saugus Centre, are no exceptions in the rule of usefulness and success. The writer is using his prerogatives as a supernumerary as he finds opportunity in the many open doors to be found in all directions. In better health than since coming to Lynn from Worcester, and of a good courage, he finds himself scheduled to preach, as a vacation supply, in North Saugus July 1; Peabody, July 8; Trinity, Lynn, July 15 and 22; Tremont St., Boston, July 29; St. Paul's, Lynn, Aug. 5; Leominster, Aug. 12 and 19; South St., Lynn, Aug. 26."

G. F. D.

Springfield District

Westfield.—The return of Dr. S. L. Gracey to this his former charge, was the occasion of a very large congregation, in spite of the storm that ushered in June 17. Dr. Gracey gave us one of the best of missionary addresses. He spoke from the position of the outsider, and thus made his statements very effective. At the evening service he made an informal talk which some enjoyed even better than the formal address of the morning.

Westfield Methodists are rejoicing in the fact that Mr. Frank Eggleston Robbins, one of the boys of the church, has won signal honors at Wesleyan University. He began his career at Wesleyan by winning the Ayers prize, which is awarded to the incoming class for the best



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preparation for college. Each subsequent year has found him a prize winner, and at his graduation he reached the climax of his scholastic success by winning the Squires scholarship of \$250, and the Weeks prize for excellence in moral philosophy. He also is elected clerk of the faculty for next year, which he will spend at Wesleyan in a post-graduate course. He thus honors the church, the high school of which he is a graduate, his family, and his grandfather, Mr. Frank Eggleston, one of the oldest members of the church, whose name he bears.

C. E. DAVIS.

Correction.—Schedule No. 4, Springfield District, statistics of New England Conference Minutes, is seriously in error. The Mittineague Church benevolences are credited under No. 61, instead of No. 62, as other reports on the opposite page. The statistics appear to give Merriam credit for what Mittineague has done. The Mittineague Church report is as follows: Missions, \$91; Church Extension, \$12; S. S. Union, \$2; Tract Society, \$2; Freedmen's Aid, \$20; Education, \$7; Bible Society, \$2; W. F. M. S., \$183; General Conference Expenses, \$1; Church Aid, \$11; Sustentation Fund, \$7; Total, \$343. We believe this is the best report for benevolence the church has made, and it is very unjust to place it to the credit of another church.

W. C. TOWNSEND.

INTERESTING NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA

REV. GEORGE A. HENRY.

SOME unexpected changes in our original plan, and a forty-eight-hour hold-up by a landslide in the northern part of California, delayed our arrival in Byron. Patiently waiting for our coming, from friends in New England, were more than eighty letters and postals, and six copies of ZION'S HERALD. I assure you, two lonely hearts were cheered that day; and the HERALD had no small part in the "cheering."

The first Sunday en route we spent in Minneapolis, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Wyvell. Mr. Wyvell is senior partner of the firm of Wyvell & Harrington, investment bankers. They are splendid business men and enthusiastic Methodists. Mr. Wyvell is a member of Wesley Church, and Mr. Harrington is a member of Fowler Church. Dr. James S. Montgomery, who resigned the pastorate of Wesley Church last spring to become pastor of Trinity Church, Denver, is now pastor of Fowler Church, and is leading his people in the building of a magnificent new edifice, which will cost not less than \$100,000, and may cost much more. The present property of Fowler, including a corner lot and a chapel, is valued at \$60,000. When completed, their new church property will be one of the finest in the middle West. It was my privilege to occupy Dr. Montgomery's pulpit, preaching to a great congregation.

The next two Sundays we spent with my sister, Mrs. B. L. Crosby, and father, in Grangeville, Idaho. Grangeville is a beautiful little town of about four thousand people, two hundred miles south of Spokane, Washington. The various churches of Grangeville united in revival services last winter. More than three hundred people were converted, and the Methodist Church received about one hundred accessions. Through the courtesy of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Williams, I occupied the pulpit both Sundays we were there.

The next Sunday we arrived in Oakland about 10 o'clock. We went directly to First Church, and had a most royal welcome from the pastor, Dr. E. R. Dille, and his warm-hearted people. Dr. Dille took us home for dinner, and one of his many generous parishioners, Mr. Harry Morton, carried us off to his beautiful home to make us members of his family as long as we should stay in the city.

Monday morning we went to San Francisco to attend the Preachers' Meeting. Bishop Hamilton had but just returned from the East, and made a magnificent address on the new conditions and problems arising out of the earthquake and fire. Under his leadership there is absolutely no question of the future of San Francisco Methodism. And let no one think the city will not be rebuilt. One of our San Francisco preachers, in addressing an audience in Denver, Col., a week after the calamity, said: "I represent San Francisco which was, and is, and which shall be." Such is the feeling about it here. A man to express any other sentiment would be regarded as if he were something of a traitor.

Monday afternoon we spent with our friend, Mrs. Tindal, who lost all her property—and she had no small holdings either. Her home was on Nob Hill. We went with her to make her first visit after the fire. And what a scene of desolation! Word-pictures, photographs, maps and diagrams all fail to give anything more than a general impression of the completeness and the vastness of the destruction. One cannot imagine it, for there is no standard for a comparison. Think of it, in all, big and little, nearly, if not wholly, 750 blocks utterly destroyed by quake and fire, to say nothing of other miles of buildings more or less injured by quake, but not burned! Count up 750 blocks, business and residence, in Boston, and imagine them, if you can, all wiped out. How much of your magnificent city would remain? Of course I know the two districts thus compared would not be equal in size, but such a comparison might give some idea of the bigness of the thing. I did not start out to say anything of the calamity, but by its overwhelming completeness and unprecedented destruction the thing compels attention and thought in spite of one.

Byron is situated in a beautiful valley, where farm lands are worth one hundred dollars and up, per acre. The farmers are just beginning to harvest their grain. All kinds of fruit are ripe, but the recent rains—a most unusual freak of weather for this country at this time of the year—have done great damage to small fruits and grain. We are about thirty miles across country from San Francisco.

Byron, Cal.

WHEN SLEEP FAILS

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Half a teaspoon in half a glass of water just before retiring brings refreshing sleep.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Yarmouth Camp-meeting,	July 29-Aug. 6
Richmond, Maine, Camp-meeting,	Aug. 10-20
Weirs Camp meeting Weirs, N. H.,	Aug. 13-18
Empire Grove Camp-meeting at East Poland, Me.,	Aug. 16-27
Northport Wesleyan Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-25
Sterling Camp-meeting and Epworth League Assembly,	Aug. 20-26
Foxcroft Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-26
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-26
Williamantic Camp meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Laurel Park Camp meeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 3
Hedding Camp-meeting, Hedding, N. H.,	Aug. 27-Sept. 1
Ithiel Falls, Johnson, Vt.,	Aug. 24-Sept. 3
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 3

W. F. M. S.—The regular monthly meeting of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be held in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., at 10 a. m.,

Wednesday, July 11. Quarterly reports will be given.

MARY L. MANN, Rec. Sec.

The General Conference of 1908

The General Conference of 1904 directed that "all arrangements for the General Conference of 1908—the selection of location, raising the necessary funds, etc.—be referred, as for the last three quadrenniums, to the Book Committee." At its last session the Book Committee elected a special committee to have charge of this work. This committee is now prepared to receive overtures and to enter into correspondence relative to the location of the next General Conference. Owing to the temporary absence of the chairman in Europe, letters, for the present, should be addressed to the secretary.

WILLIAM F. WHITLOCK,
Chairman, Delaware, O.
ALPHEUS S. MOWBRAY,
Secretary, Wilmington, Del.

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Salvation Army Camp meeting, July 20 to Aug. 1.

Missionary Alliance Convention, Aug. 3 to 13.
Temperance Conference, Aug. 13 to 17.

National Holiness Camp meeting, Aug. 17 to 27.

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SUPPLY A member of a New England Conference, expecting to be in Boston during August, desires to do supply work during that month, either for one Sunday or more. "G. D.," care of ZION'S HERALD.

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OBITUARIES

"Intra Muros"

How oft, in Holy Writ or spoken word,
The glories of th' eternal world are told;
Where angels speed on missions for the Lord;
Where love's lost links are once again re-
stored
Amid its glorious wonders manifold.

There suns shall never set; night never falls;
No one shall weep; there sounds no suffer's
moan;
Naught e'en can enter which the soul appalls;
Beyond the pearl gates and the jasper walls
Triumphant voices sing in happy tone.

A crystal stream flows down 'twixt waving
palms,
And streets are laid of pure, transparent
gold;
Mansions are reared 'mid groves of odorous
palms;
Upon the air float melodies and psalms,
Chanted by voices that shall ne'er grow old.

'Tis here that Christians rest, life's labors o'er,
Safe from temptation, trial, care and strife;
Beyond the crested billows' angry roar,
With youth immortal, landing on that shore,
They've found again the long-lost friends of
life.

Could we but glance beyond the veil today,
And see the glories which their eyes behold
In that fair land made beautiful by Love's
ray,
I think that we, with them, might truly say:
"The half to us has never yet been told."

They know the other half of love today,
For they have reached the palaces of gold;
They've found the ending of the narrow way
That, from earth's darkness, leadeth up to
day;
Their eyes the White Throne and the Lord
behold.

Though gone from sight, the dead are living
still,
And, speaking yet, say, "Trust in God; His
grace is given;
He daily shall thy cup of blessing fill;
And, when thou'st finished His all-perfect will,
For thee shall ope the pearly gates of
heaven."

Heed Thou the call; in Christ, the Lord, be-
lieve;
Stay not outside the Saviour's sheltering fold;
So live, that when it comes Thy time to leave
The scenes of earth, thou shalt from God re-
ceive
That sweeter half which, here, can ne'er be
told.

— REV. J. R. LAIRD.

Alfred, Me.

Simpson — Joseph Simpson, Sr., was born in England 76 years ago. With his family he moved to America in 1879, arriving in Halifax, N. S., from which city he soon moved to Spring Hill, N. S., where he lived most of the time until he came to the States eleven years ago. For the last eight years Mr. Simpson, his wife and daughter have made their home with his son, Dr. Joseph Simpson, of Essex, Mass., at which place Mr. Simpson departed this life on May 4, 1906.

Mr. Simpson was a miner, and worked in the coal mines both in England and Canada. For a number of years he was superintendent of the mines in Spring Hill, in which capacity he was engaged when the great explosion of 1892 occurred, in which 137 men were killed. Mr. Simpson was not injured, and rendered great help to the wounded and the afflicted families. With this catastrophe his work in the mines ended. Every one who knew Mr. Simpson knew that his chief work was not mining. From the time of his conversion in his youth the kingdom of God was first. He early received a local preacher's license, and for many years was on the "Plan" in England. The local preacher in England has no easy time. He is expected to work at his trade by day and attend meetings by night and on Sundays. It was into this work Mr. Simpson had entered, and in this work he stayed. He labored in the mine during the day, walked long distances to meetings at night, singing, praying, exhorting and preaching. Nor did his labors in the kingdom cease with his coming to America. He still continued to preach, sometimes for a single Sunday, sometimes in an appointment for a period of months, sacrificing his own personal interests to go a long way, through rain or snow over almost impassable roads, to fill a vacancy. The story sounds like the accounts of Mr. Wesley's preaching career. And when not elsewhere, engaged he was at work in his own church, acting as superintendent of the Sunday-school, or class leader, or both. Though

not a young man, he was for a time president of the I. M. C. A., always active, always useful, always giving himself to any good cause.

Since coming to Essex the condition of Mr. Simpson's health has made it impossible for him to continue his active work in the church. Until within a few years he was always in his place in the services, helping with his presence if he could not be active in work. The last time he occupied the pulpit was on Wesley Day — that great day when the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the founder of Methodism was observed. Mr. Simpson spoke with the same earnestness and enthusiasm as of old. He told of the many times he had preached in churches where Mr. Wesley had spoken, and of his acquaintance with men whom Wesley had ordained to preach. The last time he was at church was on a week night between Christmas and New Year's, 1903. Special meetings were being held. Mr. Simpson then made his last public appeal to men to live for Christ. He testified to the saving and keeping power of Christ in his own life. On the way home he received a slight paralytic shock, from which he never recovered. For two and a half years he was not able to leave the house, but he was permitted to continue his work for his Lord, for every one who came to the home (and the callers were not few) was encouraged and inspired by his life and words. He was interested in the welfare of the town, the State, and the nation, and read a great deal; he talked about these things, but somehow, the conversation would finally come to be about the "unsearchable riches of Christ," and of these riches Mr. Simpson had a personal knowledge.

The powers of this good man lay in a physical endowment which was far beyond the average; a strength which enabled him to do more than a man's work all his life; a memory so remarkable it is seldom one finds a person with such a faculty for remembering dates, occasions, hymns, Scripture, sermons, and the minutest details of conversations of more than half a century ago; a spirit of devotion and determination which never allowed him to know what defeat meant, and a trust in his Father which assured him that "he could do all things through Christ." As pastor of his church I called often to see him; never that I did not receive either a rebuke for my own small interest as I saw the devotion he showed to the Master's kingdom, or an inspiration to attempt great things for God. It was his custom to rise early, and he was engaged in reading his Bible and in prayer while most people were asleep. He seemed to feel that "the time was short," but said very little about it. He was seemingly unconcerned whether he should continue to live or not, for he knew that, whether he lived or died, it was according to the will of God, and God's will was his will. The peaceful close of life was like a benediction on the home. Quietly he passed away, with the members of his family at his bedside.

He leaves a wife, a son, Dr. Joseph Simpson, and a daughter, Lydia, all of whom live in Essex, and a son, William, who is living in England.

WILLIAM C. HOLGSON.

Sly. — Mrs. Adeline A. Sly, widow of Amos T. Sly, a local preacher, and for many years a resident of Webster, passed away very suddenly, from heart failure, at her home, May 25, 1906, at the age of 70. For several years her health had been failing, but her death was not immediately expected. She rose Friday morning apparently in her usual state of health, but she became rapidly weaker, and before a physician could arrive death came.

Mrs. Sly was born in Oxford, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Aldrich, but since a child had lived in Webster, attending its public schools. She was married to Amos T. Sly, an undertaker, about 60 years ago. After her marriage she lived in Sturbridge for three years, returning at the end of that time to Webster. She was a faithful and efficient member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for over sixty years, which she attended regularly as long as her health permitted.

She is survived by a brother, William Aldrich, of Oxford; two sisters, Mrs. Walter Howe, of Bolton, Conn., and Mrs. Lauretta Ansden, of North Dana; a son, John A. Sly, of Auburn, Mass.; and two daughters, Mrs. Laura Graham and Mrs. L. N. Lindsey, both of Boston.

The funeral took place Monday afternoon at

her home on North Main Street. Rev. H. H. Paine officiated. The funeral tributes were numerous and beautiful. The bearers were Oscar Shumway, Cyrus Spaulding, James Prince and George Tracy.

Deverall. — Mrs. Jane S. Deverall, one of the oldest members of the Conway (Mass.) Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in England, April 12, 1822, and died in Conway, April 30, 1906.

In her young womanhood she came to America, where she has since resided. In 1841 she was married to Charles Deverall. Seven children were born to them, of whom only two remain — Mrs. Daniel Walker and Mrs. William Higgins, both of this place. Mr. Deverall died some years since. In 1874, when the dread epidemic of diphtheria invaded Conway, in which many homes were saddened by the loss of loved ones, and Rev. J. A. De Forest, pastor of our church, and two of his children succumbed to the same disease, the home of Mrs. Deverall was stricken and she lost a daughter just blossoming into womanhood. She never ceased to mourn this loved one.

In England, she united with the Wesleyan Church, later transferring her membership to this church, of which she has been a highly-respected member ever since. She was one of the founders of the Conway church. For some years before the church building was erected services were held in her home Sunday evenings. She labored earnestly and faithfully for the church she loved.

Mrs. Deverall was a kind neighbor and friend, ever ready to assist those in trouble. The last few years were spent in physical weakness. For four years she was blind, but she was patient in all her sufferings, and her faith was unshaken. Let us trust that in her Father's house, with clear vision, she has been enabled to see the spiritual beauties that He has prepared for His children.

W. T. HALE.

Garside. — Walter Garside died at Dover, N. H., Feb. 10, 1906, at the age of 81 years, 9 months, and 25 days. He was born in Oldham, England, April 16, 1824, and spent his childhood days there.

He was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Chadderton at Rochdale, Eng., Sept. 17, 1843. He and his wife came to America in 1857. He resided for several years in Andover and Lawrence, Mass., and then came to Dover, where he took up his residence at Sawyer's Mills, living in one house for thirty-eight years. He was employed during that time at Sawyer's Woolen Mills, and continued his work until within a short time of his death. He proved himself a faithful and efficient servant, and came to be greatly beloved by his employers and fellow-workmen. During the latter years of his life his beautiful white hair and beard gave him a patriarchal appearance, so that his friends throughout the city called him "Father" Garside. He carried a sunny smile and had a hearty greeting for every one. Business men on the street were always glad to meet him, and felt that his presence was a benediction. He was universally beloved and respected by his fellow-townsmen.

For many years Mr. Garside was a devoted member of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church. He was intensely interested in all that related to the welfare of the church, and served it faithfully as steward and member of the finance committee. He could be depended upon to occupy his pew near the front of the church if he were able to be present, and his keen interest in and attention to the sermon were an inspiration to his pastor. He was a true, large-hearted Christian, and his death is keenly felt in church and city.

In September, 1903, Mr. and Mrs. Garside observed the 60th anniversary of their marriage. All of the children but one were present, together with eighteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. It is not given to many to live together for sixty-two years, as did Mr. and Mrs. Garside; and their married life was made beautiful by true love and the genuine

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Christian spirit. Homes of such a character are the foundation of our American civilization.

Mr. Garside is survived by a widow, three daughters and four sons — Mrs. R. J. Dobson, of Andover, Mass., and Mrs. Chas. H. Foss and Mrs. Thos. W. Wilkinson, of Dover; George F. Garside, of Norristown, Pa.; Jas. L. Garside, of Nashua; Frank E. Garside, of Wellesley, Mass.; and Albert W. Garside, of Dover.

The funeral services were held in St. John's Church, Feb. 13, and were conducted by his pastor, Rev. E. S. Tasker. E. S. T.

Lockhart. — On the morning of June 15 1906, Mrs. Mary Robinson Lockhart passed to her eternal reward from her home in East Wareham, Mass., at the age of 79 years.

Mrs. Lockhart was born in the Province of New Brunswick, but in her earlier years came to live in Boston, where she was connected with Tremont Temple. More than thirty years ago she came to East Wareham, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church here, remaining an honored member until her death. She was a mother in Israel, always a help to those who knew her. For twelve years she was solicitor and collector for the church, and for some time was the recording steward. A woman of cheerful disposition, she brought that same cheerfulness into her Christian life. Loyal to the work of the church, she was in her place whenever possible. Her words as well as her life testified to a strong, clear faith in the Father's goodness. Conscious to the last, her faith never wavered. She said to her pastor: "I should like to go to the church again, but God knows best. I trust Him." Only a few relatives remain to mourn their loss, but the whole community mourns.

Funeral services were held, Sunday, June 17, at her home, conducted by Rev. E. W. Belcher, her pastor. E. W. BELCHER.

Linnenkemper. — On the afternoon of May 17, 1906 after a brief illness, our beloved and esteemed sister, Lizzie M. Linnenkemper, passed from this life to her reward. She was born in South Portland, Me., Oct. 17, 1862, the daughter of Prof. and Mrs. George F. Henley. She secured her elementary education under the tutorage of her father, who for more than thirty-six years has had charge of the South Portland grammar schools. After completing her high school work, Mrs. Linnenkemper taught school for a brief period, and then in the early eighties came to Lynn, where she has been a constant resident, and highly esteemed by all who knew her.

June 16, 1897, she was married to Benard J. Linnenkemper, and soon afterward came to their comfortable home on President Street, where they have lived happily and devoted to each other.

On Jan. 1, 1900, she found her Saviour, and joined St. Luke's Church, and has ever since been one of the faithful followers of her Master. Every department of the church felt her influence. The Ladies' Aid, the Epworth League, and the choir were channels through which her devotion spent itself. Though often suffering intense physical pain, she gave out of herself in behalf of others. Her sympathy for the aged and sick, and her devotion to the children (all of whom loved her) dispelled many a cloud and inspired hope. The constant regret of her life was that she had not done more for her Lord and begun to serve Him sooner.

While she is now resting in mansions above, we do not forget the lonely companion she has left behind. We commend him and her other loved ones to the Father above for consolation, with the prayer that even now in the hour of sorrow their life may be flooded with the sunlight of a Saviour's love. C. L. P.

Rogers. — Allen Taylor Rogers, son of Enos and Ruth Covell (Doane) Rogers, was born in Harwich, Mass., Feb. 25, 1836, and died in Sagamore, Mass., June 10, 1906.

Mr. Rogers was converted in Chatham during a great revival, in the Baptist church, in 1854, and two years later he moved to Sagamore and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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An incident of his earlier life made a powerful impression upon him. While under deep conviction for sin, one day his father, a very godly man, sent him to cut down a certain tree, and while performing the task there came to him, with overwhelming reality, the Scripture passage: "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Mr. Rogers used to say that it seemed as if every stroke was directed against his own life.

In 1866 he married Miss Eliza S. Ellis, who died in 1894. One child was born, who died in infancy.

Mr. Rogers followed the trade of blacksmith and wheelwright, and was a thorough workman that "needed not to be ashamed." He was a pattern of godliness, known and loved by all, a man of few words, but a deep, clear thinker, full of faith. For a number of years he served as superintendent of the Sunday-school, and for thirty-three years faithfully discharged the many duties of recording steward, having always the care of the preachers upon his heart. The church realizes keenly its loss. He had suffered considerably from heart trouble, and three months before he died consumption suddenly showed itself, and he suffered much, but in it all he found that "the anchor holds." His devoted sister, Mary, who had been with him since the death of his wife, and who is a nurse of considerable experience, and the last member of the family, tenderly cared for him.

Funeral services were held at the home, June 12, the pastor, Rev. Arthur Wadsworth, speaking from the text: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and prayer being offered by Rev. E. E. Phillips, a former pastor. Interment was at Sagamore. A. W.

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Wesleyan University Commencement

Continued from page 841

graduated from the University. Already he has received a telegram from Booker T. Washington inviting him to take a place at Tuskegee as teacher; but, although Wilson has decided to devote his life to the education of his people, he has not yet decided whether he will accept.

In the afternoon the

Class Day Exercises

of the seniors were held under the class elms on the front campus, the members of the class, attired in academic costume, occupying a raised platform in front of the guests. Reeves' American band of Providence, R. I., which was present the entire week, furnished the music, during the afternoon playing "Cap and Gown," a march composed for the occasion by Jesse V. Cooper, of Greene, N. Y., a member of the graduating class. Guy W. Rogers, Forksville, Pa., the president of the class, gave the address of welcome, and President Raymond then welcomed the guests on behalf of the University. The class history was read by George E. Heath, Everett, Mass., and Charles M. Travis, Brooklyn, N. Y., gave the oration. The poem was read by George W. Sherburn, Bradford, Vt., and Clarence E. Hancock, Syracuse, N. Y., made the presentations, and Arthur B. Haley, Portland, Me., responded for the juniors; Gordon C. Douglass, Auburndale, Mass., for the sophomores; and Roy B. Chamberlain, Kingston, Pa., for the freshmen. Charles W. Atwater, Middletown, Conn., then read the prophecy. The cup ceremony was in charge of Lester R. Weeks, Syracuse, N. Y., and the pipe ceremony was under the direction of Earl M. Benson, West Winfield, N. Y. The ivy orator was Theron A. Clements, Cazenovia, N. Y. The class day committee consisted of William G. Murphy, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Arthur R. Anderson, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Raymond W. Bristol, Washington, D. C.; Jesse V. Cooper, Greene, N. Y.; Gordon G. Gatch, Washington, D. C.; Arthur J. Monroe, Brattleboro, Vt.; and Newton M. Perrins, Seymour, Conn.

At the close of the Class Day exercises, President and Mrs. Raymond held a

Reception for Alumni and Guests

at their home on High Street, many partaking of their pleasant hospitality. Early Monday evening many of the classes held their reunions, the John Bell Scott Memorial laboratory being used for this purpose, although Prof. W. E. Mead entertained the members of the class of 1881 at his home on Broad Street, and Hon. Charles G. R. Vinal gathered several members of the graduates of 1861 at his residence on High Street. The class of 1903, which held its first triennial this year, had 35 members at its banquet and 1901 had 17.

Monday evening the front campus was beautifully illuminated. Thousands of Japanese lanterns had been strung among the trees in all directions, and when lighted presented a handsome appearance. Over the portico of the chapel was an electrical effect — "W 1831 1906." The band played softly, and the graduates and undergraduates gathered near the middle of the campus and sang college songs. It was a scene long to be remembered.

Tuesday was

Alumni Day.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the trustees held their meeting and re-elected the class trustees as follows: Samuel W. Bowne, New York city; Judge W. U. Pearne, Middletown; Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., New

York city; Frank S. Jones, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Henry Ingraham, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and J. M. Brown, New York city. J. E. Lacycroft, of New York city, was chosen member of the board of trustees to succeed the late O. K. Eldredge of New York city. The resignation of Prof. E. B. Van Vleck as head of the mathematics department was accepted, but his successor was not elected, as it is hoped that in 1907 Prof. Henry S. White ('82), who teaches the subject at Vassar, may be induced to take charge of the department. Prof. C. T. Winchester was given leave of absence for the last half of next year, and will spend the time in Europe. All the old professors and instructors were re-elected, some at an increase of salary.

The Alumni Association held its meeting at 10 o'clock. By a very hearty and almost unanimous vote it was voted to ask the trustees to petition the legislature to amend the constitution of the University so that no longer it will be required that a majority of the board of trustees, the president and the members of the faculty, be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The resolution was offered by Roswell S. Douglass ('61), Auburndale, Mass., who later spoke strongly in favor of it. The resolution when read was heartily applauded, and a number followed Mr. Douglass' example and spoke in favor of it. Rev. T. H. Landon ('52), Borden-town, N. J., however, spoke against it, saying that, although he was not a "bigoted Methodist," he did not think it was wise or expedient to draw away from the church which had founded and fostered the institution. When Judge William P. Hubbard ('62), Wheeling, West Va., president of the association, put the resolution to vote it was greeted with a thunder of "ayes." A committee consisting of Mr. Douglass, Archie E. Palmer ('74), New York city, and C. Col-lard Adams ('59), Cromwell, Conn., was appointed to communicate the resolution to the board of trustees. The board of trustees were then invited into the meeting to hear the report of the committee of the alumni, appointed last Commencement, to raise a permanent endowment of \$200,000. W. B. Day ('91), Morristown, N. J., chairman of the committee, asked Prof. W. H. Conn, who has had the actual work in charge, to make a report. Dr. Conn said that the fund now amounts to about \$113,000, and that the full sum is expected to be raised at no distant date. President Hubbard then named the following nominating committee: Everett O. Fisk ('73), Boston; Rev. Charles W. McCormick, D. D. ('81), Hartford, Conn.; Prof. E. B. Rosa ('86), Washington, D. C.; W. P. Day ('91), Morristown, N. J.; and Rev. John W. Langdale (1903), Williamsburgh, Pa. They submitted the following list of officers for the coming year, which was adopted: President, Daniel Dorchester, Jr. ('74), Pittsburg, Pa.; vice-presidents, Alfred C. True ('73), Washington, D. C., Rev. John Galbraith ('79), Boston, Mass., and Hon. Francis H. Parker ('74), Hartford; recording secretary, Prof. Karl P. Harrington; corresponding secretary, Prof. W. J. James ('83); treasurer, Dr. J. E. Loveland ('89), Middletown; executive committee, Prof. M. B. Crawford ('74), S. V. Coffin ('89), W. U. Pearne ('74), and E. G. Derby ('83), all of Middletown. Later the Alumni Athletic Association held a meeting, and elected the following officers: President, Daniel L. Robertson ('78), Glens Falls, N. Y.; vice-president, Jordan C. Wells ('88), Hartford; secretary and treasurer, C. F. Price ('02), New York city; and assistant treasurer, C. L. Newton ('02), Boston, Mass.; J. V. Thompson ('92), Philadelphia, Pa.; and Z. P. Bennett ('03), Wilkes-barre, Pa.

At 12:30 o'clock the alumni luncheon was

held in Fayerweather Gymnasium, the arrangements being in charge of Profs. W. P. Bradley, R. E. Fife and G. M. Dutcher. The toastmaster was Prof. C. T. Winchester ('69). The toast list was as follows: "The Old Faculty," Bishop Cyrus D. Foss ('54), Philadelphia, Pa.; "The Town and Gown," Hon. Arthur E. Sutherland ('85), Rochester, N. Y.; "Wesleyan and the Church," Rev. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., D. D. ('74), Pittsburg, Pa.; "Teaching as a Profession," Charles H. Judd ('94), New Haven; and "The Liberty of Prophesying," Prof. Charles M. Stuart, Evanston, Ill.

In the afternoon 3,000 people gathered on Andrus field and saw Wesleyan defeat Williams, 1 to 0, in an exciting 12 inning baseball game. The social receptions by fraternities were held from 4 until 7 o'clock.

At 8:15 the Phi Beta Kappa address was held at the Middlesex. The speaker was Hon. Martin A. Knapp ('68), Syracuse, N. Y., chairman of the Interstate Commerce commission, who gave a very interesting talk on "Transportation and Combination." After this gathering the seven fraternities held their annual reunions and banquets, which brought to a close a very busy day.

Commencement Exercises

were held in the Middlesex Theatre, Wednesday morning, at 10:30 o'clock, 67 students receiving their diplomas. Previous to that hour the members of the graduating class, the faculty, the board of trustees, and the alumni gathered at Fisk Hall, and marched to the theatre preceded by Reeves' American Band. Contrary to the usual custom, there was no speaking by the members of the graduating class. After an excellent concert by the band, Hon. Stephen Henry Olin, LL. D. ('66), New York city, spoke on "A Retrospect," giving, in an excellent talk, some facts of general interest to the older alumni. Rev. Herbert Welch, D. D. ('87), president of Ohio Wesleyan University, and formerly pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, spoke on "Intellectual Progress and Faith." It proved one of the most scholarly addresses of the week. Bachelor's degrees were then conferred on the 12 women and 55 men of the graduating class, and the master's degree on two graduates and one non graduate. Honorary degrees were then conferred as follows:

Doctors of Divinity — Rev. N. W. Clark ('79), now in Rome; Rev. Arthur W. Byrt ('86), of Brooklyn; Rev. Andrew Jackson Coultas ('80), of Providence, R. I.; Rev. John Galbraith ('79), of Boston, Mass.; Rev. Charles L. Goodell, of New York; Rev. Thompson Hoadley Landon ('52), of Bordenstown, N. J.; Rev. Albert Julius Nast ('63), of Cincinnati; Rev. William Douglas McKenzie, president of Hartford Theological Seminary; Rev. Henry Clay Sheldon, of Boston University; Rev. Charles M. Stuart, professor in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.; Rev. Alexander Hamilton Tuttle ('66), of Summit, N. J.

Doctors of Laws — Rev. Herbert Welch ('87), president of Ohio Wesleyan University; Hon. Arthur Sutherland ('85), judge of the Supreme Court at Rochester, N. Y.; Hon. Darius Baker, Newport, R. I., judge of the Superior Court of Rhode Island; Dr. Flavel S. Luther, president of Trinity College.

Masters of Arts — Rev. Abram S. Kavanagh ('85), of Brooklyn; A. H. Clark, of the Smithsonian Institution; Robert F. Raymond ('81), of New Bedford, Mass.

Doctors of Science — Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles ('89), of Washington; Edward Bennett Rosa ('86), of the National Bureau of Standards, Washington; Alfred C. True ('73), of the experiment station in the Department of Agriculture, Washington.

This year the Commencement exercises were the last on the program, consequently the guests began to depart that afternoon, after expressing themselves as highly pleased with the anniversary.